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Dartington Hall—A Great Rural Experiment

By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

At our request Sir William Beach Thomas has made a special investigation of the interesting industrial and educational experiment which has been developing during recent years on the estates of Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst in South Devon

ON the banks of the Dart at the very core of South Devon lies a spacious estate, where a great idea is being worked out in a great manner. It is fitly known as Dartington, the Homestead of the Meadow, of the Dart, a place where rural beauty is in its highest power; and the inspiration of it is an integral part of the great idea and its fulfilment. Here in glorious epitome is every quality that makes the picture of English country life supreme: a gentle river, great trees and wide woodland, green meadow and varied hedgerow, all serving as environment for buildings that expressed the rural spirit before the days of urban attraction. A manor house, courtyards, walled gardens, tithe barns and a spreading homestead, built when building (as Victor Hugo emphasises) was almost a religion. How wonderfully, today as then, the grey walls and roofs and almost cloistral arches consent to an affectionate relation with the green grass and Irish yews and tall oaks and beeches and the rest!

The Importance of 'Rural-Mindedness'

So much about the quiet splendours of the place and its 'cloistral virtues' must be said before describing the Great Idea: an egg must be hatched in a nest. The ancient house and homestead, which were unfortified even in mediæval

days when all houses were fortified, were bought with some 800 acres of land in 1925 by Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst; and later nearly 2,000 acres, mostly of rough woodland, were included. They were bought not for the sake of a great country estate or for the mere beauty of the landscape and manor-house; but to be used as a remedy for the worst evil of our age, not in England only, but the world over. The world had grown urban-minded and even country lovers had come to regard the country as a playground, not wholly essential to the structure of life, whether social or economic. It seemed not unlikely that our civilisation would break on this rock. It was certainly vital to the spiritual and social progress of the world that once again people should regard the country as the right and proper scene for the business as well as the pleasures of life; a place where the primary products were increased, where the trees and indeed the sheep supplied rural craftsmen with their material; where fruit was made into native wine; where the household became as nearly as may be self-supporting in the arts and crafts of life, as well as in food and drink and clothing. Could that be done on an estate which had been so far robbed of its population by the lure of the town and artificial industrialism that its natural wealth and use were in decay; the orchards decaying, the woods reduced to scrub, the meadows but half stocked and with inferior animals, the natural fertility undeveloped, and the whole no better than a playground

or a bit of scenery? Before that question was answered a second was asked. Could not this rural paradise become the home of a school where children through the whole of their formative life—from two or three to eighteen years of age—should breathe in the rural spirit, both indirectly from their environment, and directly from the nature of the things taught to them by wise teachers who could distinguish the sham from the real in our native civilisation?

The Ideal of Self-Sufficiency

I have spent some very inspiring days in seeing and hearing, but especially seeing, how this dream has been

is the biggest factory in existence that deals wholly with British grown woods. But, though the biggest, it is only one of a group, all started and organised with the definite purpose of proving that the desert may blossom as the rose, that these lovely but barren acres of rural England may give work to a large population and yield an economic return. The development of the industries has been mapped out under a ten-year plan. The first five years now coming to a conclusion—to a heartening conclusion—were to be spent in perfecting the organisation, in finding both the right men and the right technique; the second five in demonstrating the value of each, and for this purpose very careful 'costings', watched and guaranteed by a famous firm of chartered accountants, are being kept and will be made public in good time. If this ideal is fulfilled, the results should be invaluable for the guidance of all rural developers and, what is more, should act as a heartening stimulus.

The land itself, other than the forests and the gardens, is divided into two farms, one intensive, designed chiefly for the production of milk, the other of the traditional Devon type of mixed farming. I saw, in every detail, over the intensive farm. It is perhaps likely to be famous for the final conversion of the magnificent South Devon cattle from a beef breed to a dairy breed, peculiarly suitable for the production of milk, butter and beef in that order of precedence. Sixty or so very fine animals of this



Dartington Hall—the textile-mill

Photographs: Edith Tudor Hart

or is being fulfilled. The estate was bought in 1925. Some years were necessarily spent in bringing the old grounds and buildings into repair and constructing additions that should agree with the form and spirit of the place. This preliminary work was done thoroughly, quickly and indeed with true imagination. To give an unimportant yet very striking example: the old and immense hall of the manor has been re-roofed with oak from the estate and the work entailed long search for beams of the right length and breadth, and, what is more, of the required camber. Such work could only be done by experts equipped with the best apparatus and tools. There is today in being a forestry and timber business of large proportions and wide uses. The scrub woods are being re-afforested from the estate nurseries. Trees are brought from a circle of fifty miles or more and cut into planks, made into furniture, tool handles, and all and anything that is required by the various departments on the estate. In this respect the estate much more than fulfils Aristotle's ideal of self-sufficiency: its goods, especially garden furniture and houses, are going out into the general markets. Purchasers have not come only from different parts of Britain but from Denmark, South Africa and the United States.

A Ten-Year Plan for Country Industries

The timber factory, with its crafts, has arisen naturally out of the needs and opportunities of the estate, very much as on the property of Sir John Courthope, and, in another form, of Lord Camden in the south-east. It is the biggest of the industries attached to Dartington Hall; and indeed

breed were installed ready for the electric milkers at the hour of my visit; and it was impossible not to be impressed by the quality of the stock—much the best group of this breed in the country—and by the mechanical arrangements and structure, the cleanliness in and about the stalls and the conservation of the waste products. The whole is under the guidance of a Dane trained to this intensive form of farming. A friendly competition between the Danish and Devon methods is thus juxtaposed in the estate.

Making Cider, Cloth and Furniture

The other industries at Dartington are: (1) Gardening, which may be said to be divided into a rock garden department (which won the gold medal at the last Chelsea show of the R.H.S.), and a shrub nursery, both, of course, presided over by imported experts; (2) spinning and weaving; (3) the craft of furniture-making; (4) cider-brewing. Each offers temptation (which must be resisted) to detailed description. It must be enough to say that the one which stays most persistently in the mind's eye is the spinning and weaving—and for two reasons. The ingenious machines are actuated by power from a simple, but very effective, water-wheel—an admirable example of the way to use power provided by nature. The wool spun and thereafter woven into pleasing and excellent cloth and stuffs comes in part from sheep, now local but of imported breeds. The estate owns one small section of moor and on this Shetland sheep are being naturalised; and the indications are that they will flourish at least as well as in their



The Dartington Hall Cider Press

native home. The possibility of such transference has often been denied, but, it seems, on insufficient evidence. The experiment may prove of great value as an example, not only for the purpose of making this particular branch of this pioneer estate achieve economic stability.

Where the School Comes In

It will be asked—indeed it is freely asked in the neighbourhood which both wonders and admires—what this development of a country estate has to do with the school? It has no direct connection. Mr. Elmhirst, inspired partly by personal experiences, both in India and the United States, and earlier still by personal work on his father's estate in Yorkshire, fosters the earnest conviction that the health and indeed the prosperity of a nation depend first on the use of its own land. Mrs. Elmhirst brings from America as ardent a belief in a more natural form of education for children, even at the earliest age, than is common. As Clough said, 'Great is juxtaposition'; and though the school is not in any way directly connected with the estate industries, it is nevertheless in a real sense the soul of the place. Now and again some pupil on leaving school will be accepted on his, or probably her, merits as a worker in one of the crafts; but this is the exception, not the rule.

The new buildings, which form the senior school, are the work of an English architect and express in themselves

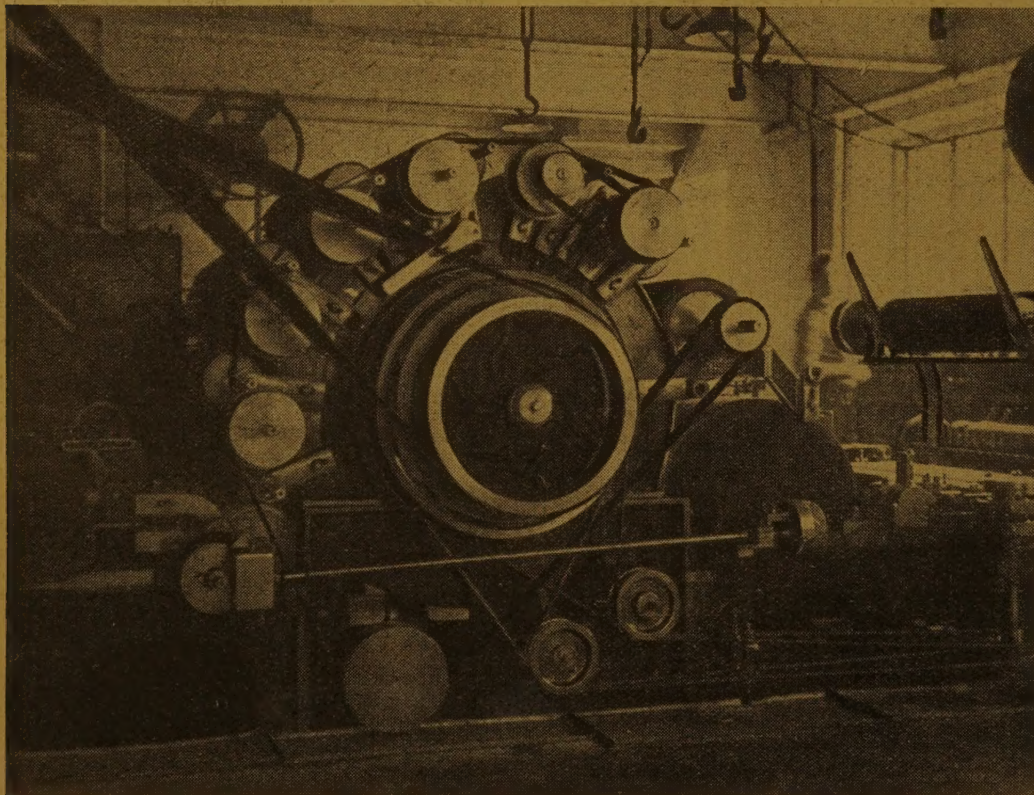
scheme that seeks to give rhythm to the character as well as the movements of the young.

The school is in two parts; and the buildings as well as the education of the junior and senior school are separate, though the note is much the same. The school differs from other schools, whether co-educational or segregate, in emphasising individual liberty during leisure hours, in religion as in all else, and what I can only call rhythm in school hours. Without venturing to pronounce any judgment, or indeed to offer any criticism, I must express my own sensation after seeing the juniors, at any rate, at work and at play: they looked singularly happy and natural, whether doing eurythmics in the classroom or wheeling wheel-barrows in the garden or appearing as Red Indians round the trees or (I should guess) helping in the miniature 15-acre farm attached to the school.

Apart from such differences of conception, the school—now containing about 130 pupils—is as other public schools and other co-educational schools—such as, for example, Frensham Heights, which alone rivals it in scenic beauty. A good many alumni go up to the university; and the average of successes in the School Certificate examinations has been singularly high.

'Sucking in the Rural Spirit'

Most of our English schools are in the country, but they are not of it. They live within a ring-circle of their own conventions and playing fields and call-overs and indeed curriculum. The purpose and intention at Dartington Hall is that the children shall suck in the rural spirit, the sense of England itself, naturally by virtue both of the physical surroundings and the freedom and the training of the eye and ear as well as of brain. The whole place is fathoms deep in history. There is even a famous landing place of the Phœnicians (where also they shipped tin from the mines). By the perversion of our civilisation fewer and fewer people have worked on the land and the manor house and homestead suffered simultaneous decay. A handful of workers on the 2,000 or so acres has risen to some 1,500, and a flourishing school has come



Spinning machine in the textile-mill

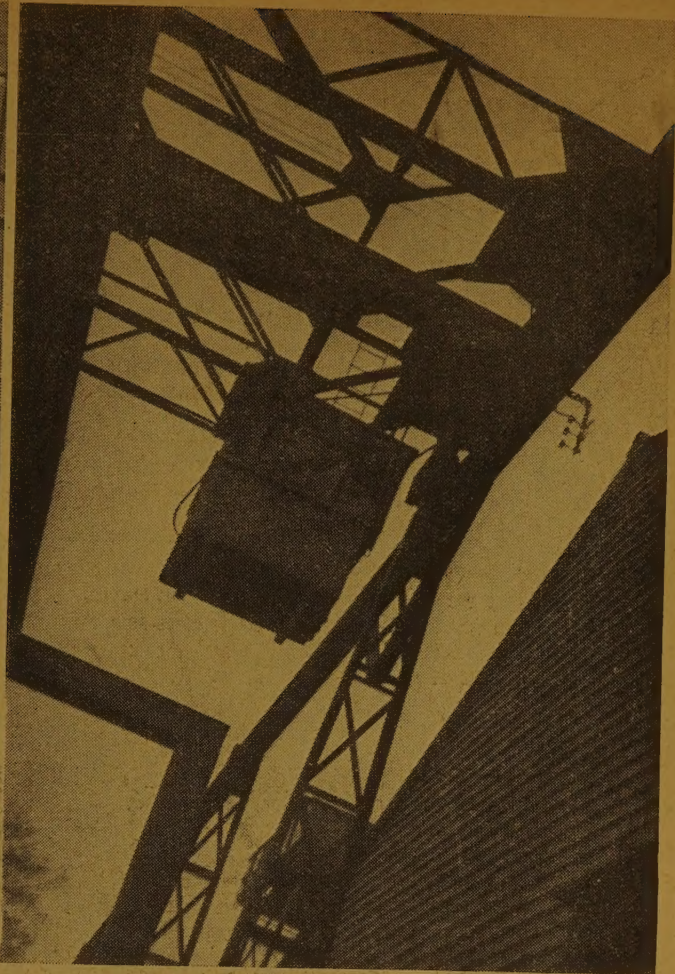
the novelty of the ideas that are being tried out. They are close beside the splendid old manor house, but jar with it in no single detail. On the two sides of the great rectilinear court are the dormitories and common rooms and, it must be added, neat little kitchens where the girls may ply their hand. Each pupil, whether boy or girl, has a good-sized private bedroom and at the two ends are the classrooms. When you walk through the quadrangle to the space in front of the manor and through the magnificent fourteenth-century hall to the old garden, you come upon a natural theatre, of almost fantastic charm, with its natural tiers and spacious view over characteristic Devon scenery and the valley of the Dart. Perhaps the opportunity of converting such a place into an open-air theatre helped to stimulate the idea, which is intrinsic to the scheme, that drama and music should be essential to any educational

into being at the core of the estate. Both the revival of rural life and the experiment in education deserve English gratitude and should stir English interest. The school has been endowed, so to say, 'in perpetuity' by Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst, so that the best teachers may be permanently retained. The six or seven industries on the estate will depend for their continuance and development on their progress and economic stability. They must pay their way or eventually perish. The whole has been made a Trust so that it shall not depend on any individual life or fortune or caprice. Every good Englishman will wish them well.

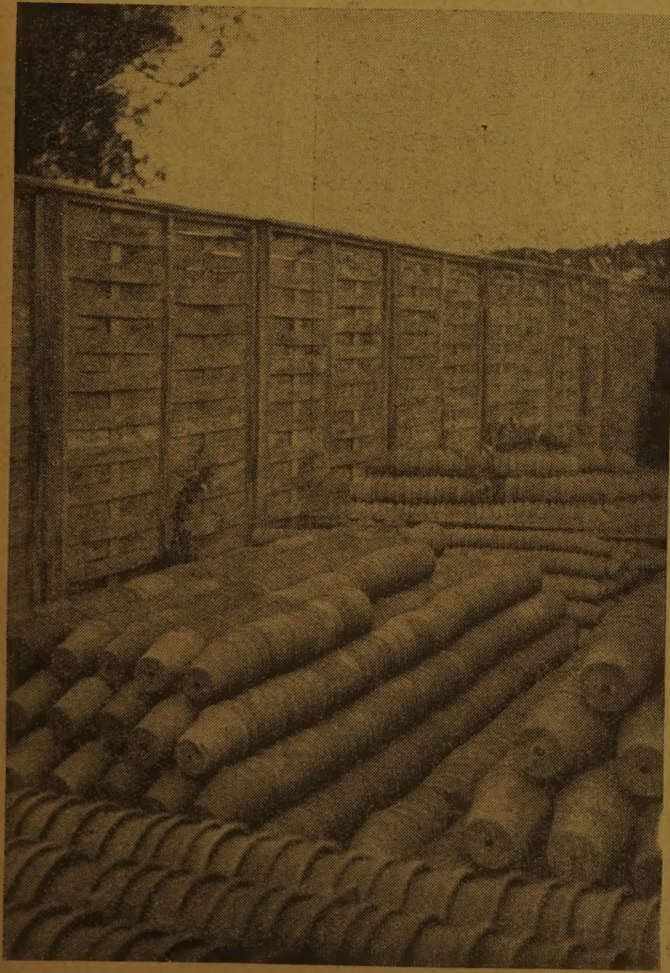
The success which attended the presentation of the Penn Pageant Play at Jordans last June has encouraged the Committee to give repeat performances at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on December 8 and 9 next. Tickets are from 1s. 6d. to 5s.



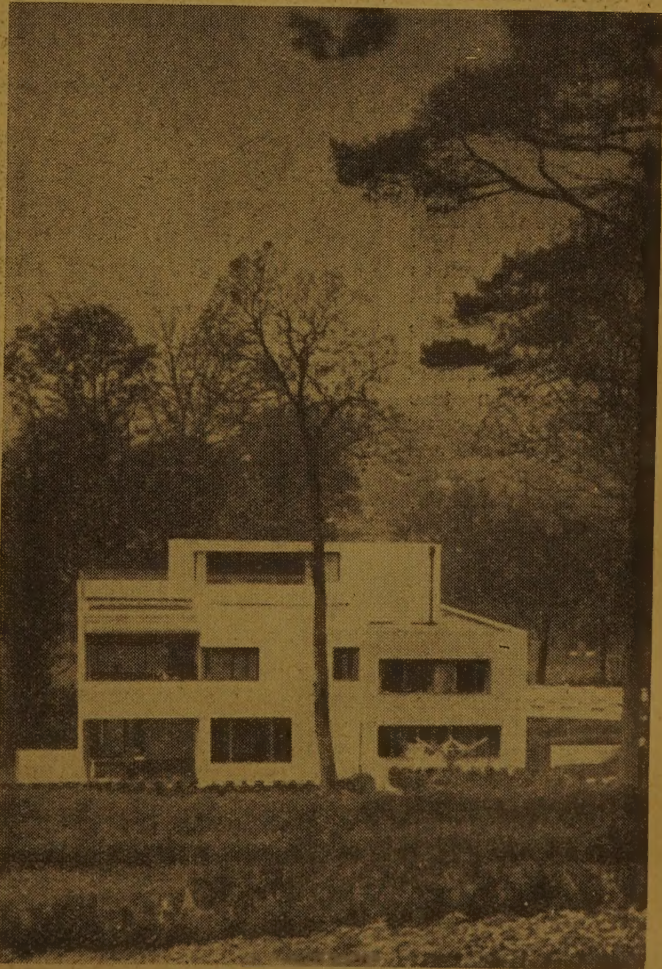
In the school dining-room



Entrance to the saw-mills



Corner of the garden. The fence was produced in the estate's saw-mills



The Headmaster's house

Photographs. Edith Tudor Hart

Commonwealth of Nations—VIII

Newfoundland—Britain's Oldest Colony

By J. L. PATON

ORIGINALLY Newfoundland was called 'The New Found Isle'. That was changed to New Found Land, and as recently as seventy years ago, the name was printed as three separate words, and each syllable is still given its full accent in the orthodox and accepted pronunciation among Newfoundland people.

I dare say that the ordinary man in the street in this country does not know a great deal about Newfoundland. After all, it is not very often in the news. It was in the news in Easter, 1932, when some of you may remember reading reports of serious rioting. And it is in the news at present because, during the last eight months or so there has been a Royal Commission at work in Newfoundland whose report was placed on the table in the Houses of Parliament last week. I will try now to give you some idea of Newfoundland and of the circumstances which have led to the appointment of this Commission.

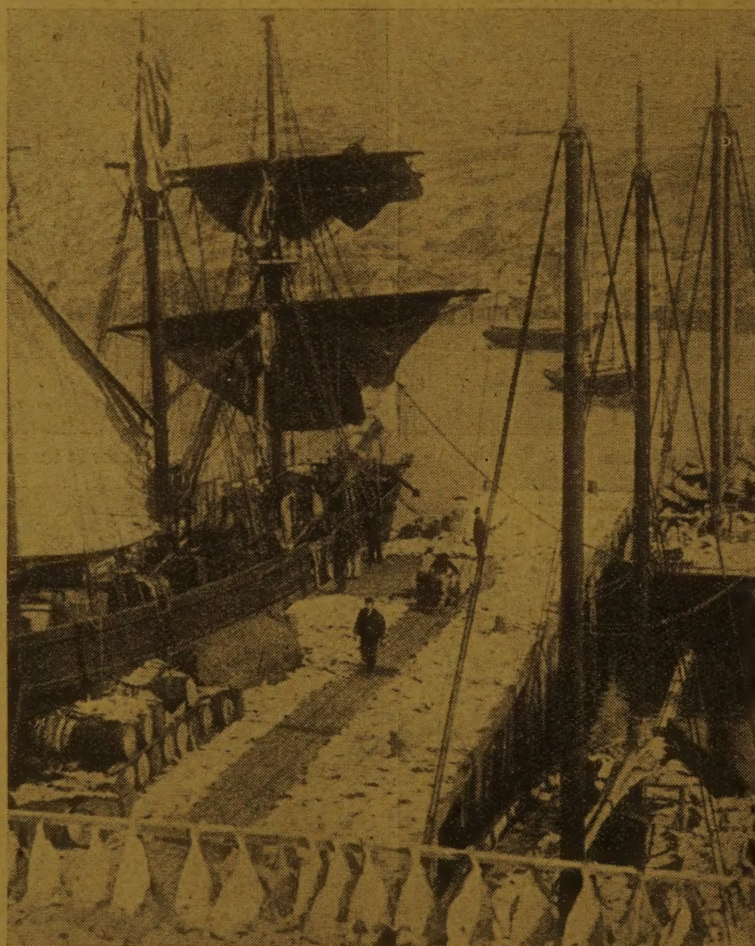
In August last Newfoundland celebrated the 350th anniversary of her formal recognition as Britain's first Colony, and issued a special series of stamps commemorating that event. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, bearing Queen Elizabeth's special commission, put into the Harbour of St. John's with four of those small-sized vessels that made the great discoveries in the spacious times of Queen Bess. He summoned the captains and crews of the fishing vessels then in the harbour, foreign as well as British, to attend, landed with his officers and crews, unfurled the Royal Standard and took formal possession in the Queen's name, digging up a sod of the soil and receiving a twig according to the customary ritual of those days. He proclaimed 'Her Majesty's right and possession over these countries', the public exercise of religion according to the Church of England and the dominance of English law. From that day Newfoundland has never faltered in her loyalty. The island folk have two powerful English-speaking neighbours who inevitably absorb the greater part of her commerce and exercise considerable influence upon her in other ways. But England means far more to her still than both these countries put together. Her eyes are towards the home country. In Canada you are warned that you must never speak of their country as Britain's colony; but Newfoundland, though she too is a dominion, boasts herself on every occasion, whether relevant or irrelevant, as Britain's Oldest Colony.

She has been first in other ways. She was England's first success in maritime discovery. It was here in 1615 that England set up her first Courts of Justice in the New World. It was here that the first Transatlantic Cable Station was erected and the first Transatlantic cable message was received. It was here, in the first year of this century, that Marconi's aerial

signals were flashed across the Atlantic from Poldhu to Cabot Hill which guards the entrance of St. John's Harbour. It was here eighteen years later that Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Whitten Brown made the first successful flight across the Atlantic. These facts represent in summary the part that Newfoundland has played in the progress of the world.

By geographical position she is marked out as the natural link between the Old World and the New: she is our nearest point of contact on the North American Continent and standing, as it were, like the Gibraltar of that same continent, she commands both outlets, north and south, of the great St. Lawrence River, which is the natural gateway of Canada. If

you look at a map of the world's submarine cables, you will see that no less than twenty-eight of them land on the island. Her geographical importance obviously continues. At the present moment one big American airway system has its eye upon her. It has liners running throughout North, Central and South America, the West Indies, and spreading out through Alaska into Asia. It is now building aeroplanes designed for two Transatlantic routes, the one for summer and the other for winter use. It is proposed that the summer air service shall be along the line of Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, the Shetlands and Copenhagen, a route which has the advantage of avoiding a long ocean crossing. It was with a view to reconnoitring this route that Colonel Lindbergh made his pioneer flight last July, selecting the best sites as air bases along the route. Two of these air bases, the stepping stones between the two continents, will be on Newfoundland territory, so the little people



Drying cod fish at St. John's

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Newfoundland

has still its role to play in the progress of the big world.

But although Newfoundland is the oldest of British colonies, she is still in the making. She is not yet so grown-up, so to speak, as her sister dominions. Though her island is larger than Ireland by one-third, her population is very little more than one-quarter of a million, practically the size of Salford or one of the second-class boroughs of England. That small population is spread over 3,000 miles of coast, for the coast of the island is, like the coast of Norway, so deeply indented with fjords that on the earliest charts it was depicted as a big group of separate islands. To this must be added the dependency of Labrador with 110,000 square miles and some 3,000 inhabitants, not counting the native Indians who roam the interior.

Labrador is probably better known than Newfoundland, owing to the work of one of the greatest Christians of our day, Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Labrador, as Sir Wilfred has always seen, is a country of practically unlimited possibilities. Thanks to him an air survey of the country has recently been carried out. It is estimated that 60,000 square miles, three-fifths of the



Quidi Vidi, one of many hundreds of fishing villages on the 3,000 miles of Newfoundland coastline

whole region, are wooded. The total water-power is equal to 10 million horse power, no less than half of which tosses itself unharnessed over the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River. It has been suggested from time to time that Newfoundland might sell Labrador, and the price suggested was a hundred million dollars: but if the value of her lumber and her 'white coal' were capitalised at five per cent., the price would be well over 260 millions. In any case, this does not include the fishery, which produces an annual revenue of over one million dollars: it does not include the gold discovered two years ago, but the first summer's mining has proved to be very disappointing. Having made good her title against Canada, Newfoundland is not by way of offering any knock-out bargain for sale.

It is fishery which is the great staple industry of Newfoundland herself. It has been so from the beginning, 85 years before the arrival of Sir Humphrey Gilbert on her shores. Cabot's glowing reports of the abundance and the size of the fish in the Newfoundland waters tempted mariners of many nations besides our own across the stormy sea. The great philosopher statesman, Lord Chancellor Bacon, who, before his time in this as in many other ways, took a keen interest in colonisation, saw the economic value of the Newfoundland fisheries. 'Greater than the gold-mines of Golconda', he said; 'there is none so rich'. And he was right. In those days the British consumed salt cod with considerable avidity. At the time that Bacon wrote these words, the product of the Newfoundland fisheries was sold in England for £200,000. Sixty years later the value had increased fourfold. The utmost that Spain ever extracted from her American possessions was £630,000. That was 55 years before Bacon spoke and by his day that sum had dwindled rapidly.

The fishery still remains the chief economic stand-by of Newfoundland. There have been started in our own time two large paper-making concerns; Lord Northcliffe was the pioneer in this. There has been a considerable development of mining in the interior—lead, zinc and copper. There has been, above all, the Bell Island iron ore mine which ranks fourth in the world. But fishery remains the great staple industry. Newfoundland exports frozen salmon—by the million pounds at a time—which sells in England as Atlantic salmon. She exports tinned lobster, Germany being a great consumer. She exports her cod liver oil, which the great medical experts pronounce to be far superior to any other in vitamin content, and as a result of the Ottawa Conference it is now getting a foothold in the British market. New York has for long been content to

pay a higher price for the Newfoundland product because of its superior quality. But nowadays our cured fish finds its way chiefly to Spain, to Italy and to Greece, and at the present moment it is only right to say that it commands a lower price than other fish, such as that of Iceland, for instance, which is far more tasty and far more attractive in appearance. But Newfoundland has great faith in her own product. She feels the present set-back, but she is not taking it lying down. Some four years ago she approached the British Empire Marketing Board for help, and the Board, after thoroughly going into the case, agreed to give her £5,000 per annum for a series of five years with a substantial grant for building and equipping the requisite plant for a Fishery Research Station. What meant even more to us, she persuaded Dr. Harold Thompson to take charge of it. Dr. Thompson is a marine biologist of international reputation who had already proved the practical value of his science to the fishermen of the European seas by his researches into the haddock fisheries and his power of predicting season by season where the best catches were likely to be made. Under him a thorough survey of the Newfoundland waters has been carried out. The problem of improving the cure has been tackled. Newfoundland fishermen now know how they must proceed so as to produce a really first-rate article. For the first time now they are able to secure at first hand by return of post the best help modern science can give them in all their problems. And—not less important—they are beginning, under Dr. Thompson's guidance, to experiment in the production of fishmeal from the offal which hitherto has been thrown into the sea, or, worse still, allowed to rot in festering heaps along the wharveside and breed by the million disease-carrying flies. A fine old Labrador skipper said to me, 'I see now that I am an old man that all these years I have been shovelling my real wealth into the sea'.

But Newfoundland's concentration on her fishery has made her economic position lopsided: the vogue of the day would call it unilateral, which is perhaps more polite. She has neglected her soil, importing all her flour and most of her meat, fruit, eggs and vegetable supplies from abroad. This has been a great mistake, and under the stress of these later days when the price fetched by her fish is quite inadequate to recoup the fishermen for all the expenses of outfit with the necessary supply of salt and the provisioning of the crew, Newfoundland has striven hard to rectify this mistake. Mr. H. W. Frost, an old Tynesider, was the moving spirit in the foundation of a Land Development Association with a motto 'The soil our

salvation'. It had its origin, in the good old British way, in private civic enterprise. But the Government was not slow to see the importance of the work it was doing and has wisely given it most valuable support. But it is only fair to say that this neglect of the land has been very largely the fault of English policy in the past. For centuries Britain regarded Newfoundland as a valuable training ground of sailors for her Navy. Her merchants at the same time were anxious to secure for themselves the very lucrative fish-trade. Consequently laws were passed forbidding any permanent settlement on the island. A few winter crews were allowed to remain through the winter season to see to the stores and stages, to build and repair the boats. But the merchants did not want to see the trade pass out of their hands into the hands of Newfoundland firms, and one of them, giving evidence before the British House of Commons, insisted that permanent settlement was impossible on a soil which was not really soil at all, but bare rock. Consequently up till little more than a hundred years ago it was illegal to settle on the soil, and the tradition of the fishery as the sole occupation became firmly implanted. As a result the surplus of our population, including large numbers of our more enterprising spirits, have emigrated year by year to the United States and Canada. It is said that in Boston there are more Newfoundlanders than there are in the capital city of Newfoundland, numbering close on 40,000. And the same is probably true of Montreal. There were 10,000 Newfoundlanders serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the Great War, and probably there were as many in the United States Army. At any rate, the two first losses in the American Forces by land and sea respectively were Newfoundlanders.

Of Newfoundland's service to the Empire during the Great War I can speak only in summary. At the outbreak she had no semblance of either Army or Navy. Nevertheless, out of her quarter million, over 12,500 served in the Forces, not counting a Battalion of 500 which was raised and sent to Scotland as a Forestry Corps; not counting, either, all that the women did both at home and abroad. The fine Caribout monument at Beaumont Hamel commemorates them. It was at Beaumont Hamel on July 1, 1916, that the Newfoundland regiment went over the top 870 strong. Of those 870 only 83 answered the roll-call when the fight was over. 'Their bravery', said Earl Haig, 'has never been surpassed'. In proportion to her population Newfoundland had a higher fatality list even than Canada, and she supplied more men for the silent service of the Navy than any other Dominion or British Colony.

It is largely owing to this effort that Newfoundland contracted that load of indebtedness under which she is staggering today. Increased by other borrowings for the construction and maintenance of a railway which has never paid its way, the making of roads, the building of a fine dry dock and other public works, that debt now amounts to over a hundred million dollars. The annual interest amounts to over five million. On the other hand, the annual revenue, being dependent mainly on tariff dues, has been so sadly crippled by the slump of prices that it has shrunk from just over ten millions to less than eight. Heroic efforts have been made to reduce expenditure. School teachers, for instance, have had their salaries cut by 50 per cent., and they were to start with by far the lowest in America north of the Mexico boundary. The average salary of a teacher is now definitely under £60 per annum, and that, bear in mind, in a country where the price of living is at the lowest estimate 40 per cent. higher than in England. Speaking as a teacher, I feel there is no tribute too splendid for me to pay to the way my colleagues in Newfoundland have struggled through the last two years on this bare pittance, sharing to the uttermost the privations even of the poorest, and maintaining unimpaired the vital national service of education. I wish I could describe in detail what these privations mean. I wish I could describe the life of outport folk in their small settlements hanging on the fringes of the rockbound coast, between the forest and the sea, looking as though at any moment they might be engulfed by either, and cut off in many cases for six months in the year by the frozen sea from all personal communication with the outer world, with the nearest doctor perhaps forty miles away. Hardy and virile they are, and Godfearing folk, building their own houses, their own boats, their own school buildings and their own churches, with the most limited of diets and the severest of weather conditions, narrow it may be in their outlook but as broad as they are generous in their hospitality. They are chiefly West Country folk, Channel Islanders, Irish and Scottish, and all of them loyal to the British Crown:

In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations

they still remain unswervingly loyal to their own, and true to the kindred points of heaven and home.

And Britain is not leaving them in the lurch. For two years

she has been standing behind a most honest and hardworking Government, which certainly is not corrupt or self-seeking, and has been making heroic efforts to stave off the shame of default. A Royal Commission has been engaged under the ablest of Chairmen, Lord Amulree, in investigating their problem. Their report is not for me in any way to anticipate, but interesting problems are sure to be raised by it. British monetary help is bound to entail a certain measure of British monetary control, and a free self-governing Dominion will probably before long be exercising its freedom to curtail its own privilege of self-government. Newfoundland, I feel certain, will concur in such limitation, and Britain, I feel equally certain, will ask her co-operation as well as her concurrence. For the function of Great Britain is to train democracy to a full measure of efficiency in the fullest measure of civic freedom and self-determination. I commend Lord Amulree's report to all students of the evolution of British Government.

The circumstances which led up to the appointment of the Royal Commission were in outline these. Ever since the War, the Public Debt has been mounting up steadily to such an extent that in 1931 the then Prime Minister was unable to negotiate any further help in this direction, either in London, in New York, or in Montreal. Consequently, he applied to the British Treasury, asking for the loan of two British officials to take the situation in hand. These officials, Sir Percy Thompson and Mr. J. H. Penson, came out in the autumn of 1931. The results of that year's fishery were most disappointing, and it was only at the last moment that Newfoundland, through the help of Sir Percy Thompson, secured a loan, from the four Canadian banks operating in the island, to meet the interest bonds due on January 1, 1932. The distress during the winter was severe, and the feeling of popular discontent, inflamed by the way the Government was carried on, rose very high. I don't wish to conceal the fact that corruption in times past has played a sinister part in bringing about the trouble. Serious disorder broke out in the capital, the Prime Minister was personally attacked, and the windows of the Legislature were broken by the mob.

A new Government, under Mr. F. C. Alderdice, was returned to power with a sweeping majority in June of last year. At once it set to work to reduce expenditure. But again the results of the fishery were a failure—not because fish was scarce, but because the market price was so low. Poor relief in the preceding year had cost 1,170,000 dollars; the deficit on the railway was 339,000 dollars; imports began to fall away—and the Customs revenue is the chief factor in the Colonial income. The uncertainty as to the future was paralysing trade and credit. It was necessary to restore confidence, which, as Chalmers says, is the soul of commerce. Both Canada and Great Britain came to our help to meet the interest bonds due on January 1, 1933, and a Royal Commission of three was appointed to enquire into the future of Newfoundland, and in particular to report on its financial position and prospects. One Commissioner was appointed by Canada, one by Newfoundland, and Lord Amulree was appointed Chairman.

During the last few weeks two new organisations concerned with international relationships have made their appearance. The first is a Committee for International Understanding and Co-operation, formed under the chairmanship of Lord Londonderry, and intending to work in close co-operation with the All Peoples' Association founded by Sir Evelyn Wrench. This Committee will seek to make nations better known to each other by circulating reliable information about each country, through books, films, the study of languages, etc. It will keep entirely free from political propaganda of a party character. The office of the Committee is located, appropriately, at 9 Arlington Street, formerly the residence of Charles James Fox.

The other enterprise is that of The New Commonwealth, a Society formed as a result of a letter recently published in *The Times* over the signature of a number of distinguished figures in religion, law, science, the Services and Education, who include the Rev. 'Dick' Sheppard, Sir Felix Pole, Sir Frederick Maurice, Lady Layton, and Admiral Gordon Campbell. The aim of this Society is to support the idea of providing the international community with the necessary means of securing justice and maintaining order among the nations of the world. Its two main proposals are for the creation of a Permanent Tribunal in equity as part of the machinery of the League of Nations for settling all disputes; and the creation of European International Air Force under the control of the League. The Society invites associate membership at 5s. per annum, and publishes a monthly sixpenny journal entitled *The New Commonwealth*. The secretary is Mr. W. Horsfall Carter; and the address, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Economics in a Changing World—VIII

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Dollar

I HOPE YOU ARE NOT TIRED of hearing about the dollar. I can only plead that if you are, you must blame Roosevelt and not me. To attempt to discuss the economic events of the week and omit reference to the dollar would indeed be equivalent to playing 'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark. The behaviour of the dollar has lately verged on the sensational, and our friends in the arbitrageurs' room must have welcomed the arrival of the week-end. On Thursday, November 16, the rate went to the figure of 5 dollars 50 cents to the pound, but by the next day it was back to 5 dollars 20 cents. This sudden depreciation of the dollar may have been largely due to a flight of capital from the U.S.A. to Europe. It is at any rate significant that when steps were taken to check that flight of capital, the rate rebounded. It is not known how much gold the Americans have bought in the world market. A member of the American administration declared, with that picturesque frankness which often characterises the utterances of American statesmen, that up to the present 'we have not bought enough gold to stop your teeth'.

The disappearance from the American Treasury of the secretary and his assistant and their replacement by Mr. Morgenthau has convinced most people that the stabilised end of the President's monetary policy is not yet in sight. The two gentlemen who are now on leave were reputed to be sound-money men, whereas their successor has long been known for less orthodox views. The only evidence I have seen so far of Mr. Morgenthau's present views is the fact that, in response to an enquiry, he said, 'I support the President'. There is nothing much to be learnt from that. He could hardly do less. One of the leading Republican papers is quoted as having described Mr. Morgenthau's appointment as an 'affront to the financial solvency of the United States'.

Dr. Sprague—an exceedingly able economist who recently worked for some time in the Bank of England and was recalled from that position to advise the President—also tendered his resignation, but it was not then accepted. Whether or not these personal events and the stir they caused had much to do with the fact that towards the end of the week the American authorities became more cautious, is a matter for guess-work, but there were signs that the President deemed it advisable not to let the dollar go downhill too fast. One of those signs was that for three days in succession the American official buying-price for gold was kept the same, at 33 dollars 56 cents per fine ounce. Meanwhile a natural question I am sure you are expecting me to answer, or try to answer, is this: What has President Roosevelt succeeded in doing as a result of his successful attempts to lower the value of the dollar outside America? Here are some reflections in reply to that question.

Reflection Number 1: Up to November 18, he had not succeeded in lowering the value of the dollar inside the States to any remarkable extent. That is to say, he has not, as yet, succeeded in bringing about a state of affairs in which one dollar will exchange for, say, half a bushel of wheat instead of one bushel. The average price of twelve staple commodities has risen about four per cent. during the past fortnight. It is very important to watch the price level inside the United States because the raising of those prices to something approaching the 1926 level is the President's immediate purpose.

Reflection Number 2: The President has also succeeded in causing a great deal of uncertainty throughout the world which tends to hold back a rise and may cause a fall in world prices.

Reflection Number 3: The President has also caused exporters, first in the gold countries and second in the sterling countries, to wonder whether they are going to feel the competition in world markets of cheap American goods. For example, the British export trade in motor-cars has been a bright spot in our trade returns. Here are some figures for the first ten months of each of the last three years. In 1931 we exported 15,000 cars. In 1932 we exported 21,600 cars. In 1933 we exported 28,700 cars. If the dollar were to remain for any considerable period at or below 5½ to the pound, American cars should soon seem very cheap in pounds. It is true that prices in America should rise due to higher wages and higher costs, but experience has shown that prices do not necessarily move up as fast as a depreciating currency falls. It is true that when the German mark crashed some eight years ago, German exports did not swamp the world; but the conditions are not comparable. There seems to be no reason at the moment why the dollar should get out of control and a number of reasons why Roosevelt should be able to hold it at, say, six dollars to the pound for some time if he wishes to do so. I think I am safe in saying that British ex-

porters would be rather worried at any suggestion that such a figure was to be regarded as that on which they must base their calculations in competing against American exports.

Opinion in this country about American monetary policy is roughly divided into two schools: (a) the orthodox, who say that there are many signs of a slow but genuine recovery all over the world and they are desperately afraid that the disturbance caused by Roosevelt may snuff out the little flame of world recovery; (b) the (shall I say?) less orthodox school of thought who believe that inflationary action by governments is needed to speed up recovery. Most of these people approve of the general idea behind Roosevelt's schemes, but many of them are a little frightened that he may jeopardise a good cause by using faulty methods.

Two Budgetary Situations

WE WILL NOW CONSIDER briefly two budgetary situations; one in Japan, the other in France.

In Japan the Draft Budget is under consideration. It is the second largest peace-time budget in the history of the country. It balances at approximately two thousand million yen—the par value of the yen is about two shillings; today it stands at about one shilling and twopence. Revenue is estimated to provide a little over half the estimated expenditure and the balance of seven hundred million yen is to be raised by borrowing. The naval and military estimates amount to about eight hundred and seventy million yen or about two-thirds of the ordinary revenue. I do not think the slightest apprehension need be entertained as to the fate of the Japanese budget. It will pass into law, since Japanese politics are completely dominated by the requirements of the defence services.

We come to France. M. Sarraut, the successor of M. Daladier, has put forward his proposals for balancing the budget which, you may remember, has to grapple with a deficit of about six thousand million francs. Sarraut proposes to give the Chamber of Deputies its medicine in two spoonfuls. There are to be two Finance Bills. Bill number one contemplates economising to the tune of one thousand seven hundred million francs, whilst seven hundred million francs are to be squeezed out of tax-evaders. When and if the first bill has been passed, the second bill will be introduced to cope with the rest of the deficit. Unfortunately for M. Sarraut, although he has divided the dose up into two mouthfuls, the mixture is much the same as that rejected by the Chamber when M. Daladier was the physician. The economies are to be made at the expense of the civil servants. *Les fonctionnaires*, who are very numerous, have powerful political friends and will certainly not take kindly to the budget proposals which concern them. Whether or not the present French government will get their proposals through the Chamber remains to be seen, but that the budget will have to be balanced, and that quickly, is a matter upon which most Frenchmen would agree. The franc is feeling the strain of holding on to gold and though the French gold reserves are enormous, gold has begun to leave France, and any undue delay on the part of the French Chamber in putting the finances of the country in order would speed up any flight from the franc which may have begun to take place because people who hold francs are frightened that France might be pushed off the gold standard.

I suggested a few weeks ago that if one imagined the franc on gold at one end of a see-saw and the dollar at the other end, then it would be approximately correct to assume that the pound sterling was somewhere between the two trying to keep the apparatus of world money in some sort of stability. We are very clever people at compromising, but it is clearly impossible to chase down inflationary vistas in pursuit of the dollar and at the same time keep the sterling-franc exchange steady. It is very interesting to draw a parallel between British political policy in, say, disarmament, where we are working to find some common ground between France and Germany, and our financial policy during the past months, which has clearly been directed to building up so far as lies within our own power a stable and solid financial foundation in Great Britain. Sooner or later some compromise between the nations who believe in gold and those who believe in managed currencies will have to be reached, and I like to hope that when that moment arrives it will be our privilege to offer to the world a monetary platform upon which a structure of international economic co-operation can be re-built. That is for the future and it would be hopeless to make premature proposals—as we discovered at the World Economic Conference—until the period of experiment through which the great nations are passing has worked itself out.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

English Men of Letters

IT is hardly too much to say that with the death of Mr. Augustine Birrell last week the last of the English men of letters has passed out of our society. The type of writer known as a 'man of letters' flourished exceedingly in England during the Victorian and Edwardian eras, so that Mr. Birrell belonged to a company which included such celebrated men as Charles Whibley and George Wyndham, Leslie Stephen, Walter Bagehot and Sir Edmund Gosse. Although famous chiefly for their writings, most of which were concerned with literary criticism, it was one of their characteristics to be considerable figures in society, sometimes even in public affairs. That Mr. Birrell was himself a Cabinet Minister and Sir Edmund Gosse the Librarian of the House of Lords, lent weight, in the quarters where they were most appreciated, to their literary judgments. In the pages of those 'heavy guns' of the last century—the reviews and quarterlies—they directed, indeed almost commanded, a high standard of literary taste. As critics they were inspired by personal enthusiasms, and when they condemned an author or his work, a worldly or a moral judgment was frequently at the root of their opinions. Thus Mr. Birrell could completely fail to take the measure of the tragic Marie Bashkirtseff and obviously preferred Charlotte to Emily Brontë. In writing of the books which they admired, they delighted to reveal the man behind them. Thus with Mr. Birrell, 'to know an author through his books was one of the good things of life'. Consequently the values they held in life and literature tended to coincide, their views of 'the office of literature' being close to that of Dr. Johnson: 'a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it'. Possibly such a type is only possible in England, where to use literature to complete and enrich life has always been more common than to make of it a splendid end of its own.

Why, then, is the 'man of letters' no longer among us, for even Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton—even, perhaps, Mr. MacCarthy—hardly conform to the type we have described? The answer seems to be that both our view of literature and the structure of our society are changing. In the era of T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards it is difficult to imagine a place for Mr. Birrell's type of literary criticism. Modern critics have set themselves high standards. They attempt impersonality and objectivity and they enlist psychology in their service. Moreover, they are committed to a view of literature which emphasises the dichotomy between literature and life. 'There

may be a good deal to be said for Romanticism in life', writes T. S. Eliot, 'there is no place for it in letters'. Consequently he can admire George Wyndham, the patrician, 'riding to hounds across his prose', but as a critic he condemns him. Literature has been raised by its modern devotees so high in the scale of human pleasures that it can no longer be mentioned in the same breath with good fellowship, good hunting and good wine.

Adding to the effect of this change in our view of literature, the changes in our social structure are creating a new type of reading public. The emphasis of education, now placed more on science than on the humanities, and a highly technical environment, breed scientific rather than literary or classical interests. If we wish to find an English type today equivalent to the 'man of letters', it is to the scientific rather than to the literary world that we must turn, possibly to such middlemen of science as Sir James Jeans or Mr. Julian Huxley, or to the middlemen of politics and economics such as Sir Norman Angell or Mr. Cole. Moreover, serious literature has passed for the moment into the hands of ardent specialists bent on experimenting with new forms. Something more than a personal enthusiasm is now necessary to bridge the gap between a poet like Mr. Eliot and the general public. It is perhaps not too much to say that Dr. Johnson's 'common reader' has become Mr. Cole's 'intelligent man'. The weakness of a reading public composed of intelligent men is its lack of common direction or convictions. No doubt a time will come again when a man's reading will once more be brought into line with and even control his way of life.

Lastly, we may suppose that the disappearance of our men of letters will mean the temporary abandonment of a pleasing form of literary expression, the English essay. In most of the periodicals the 'essay' has become an 'article' and toughness of content rather than elegancies of style are demanded of it. At present 'charm' is not very much sought after and the exploitation of a personality not looked upon with favour. But to say that we no longer appreciate such things is not to say that we condemn them. The men of letters belonged to a society and culture which have gone, and probably our best course is to acknowledge, as Dryden at a similar turning point:

'Tis well an old age is out
And time to begin a new

Week by Week

THE Report* of the British Medical Association on nutrition is a document of considerable social importance. Those who go to it in the hope of finding a final pronouncement on dietary problems must rest content with this: 'Where the amount of money available for the purchase of food is not strictly limited, the choice of a diet may be safely left to individual taste, if the guiding principle of procuring as great a variety of foodstuffs as possible is adhered to'. But when money is limited another problem enters: 'Experience has taught the poor housewife that she must avoid complaints of hunger and of "emptiness" from her family, so she buys a smaller proportion of expensive proteins and fats (such as butter) and a higher proportion of cheap carbohydrates'. It is from this situation that malnutrition normally proceeds. The Report deals with the problem how best to spend the limited money available so as to retain the correct food proportions essential to 'health and working capacity'. What is this proportion? The energy value of a food is commonly expressed as the number of 'calories' yielded by each gram of the food. The caloric value of food varies with its nature, one gram of protein yielding 4.1 calories, one gram of fat 8.3 and one gram of carbohydrates 4.1. These should be taken in the following proportion: 100 grams of protein—of which 50 per cent. should be first-class or animal protein—100 grams of fat and 500 grams of carbohydrate, giving a total daily caloric supply of 3,400, judged to be the minimum necessity of the normal adult male. In addition, vitamins and

* British Medical Association, Report of Committee on Nutrition

minerals are necessary constituents of any diet. Working on this basis, the Report supplies a number of specimen diets, with a calculation of their average cost. It is interesting to note that, from prices in the cheapest markets, the Report estimates a cost of about 5s. 11d. per man value per week. (In one place, Stockton-on-Tees, where apparently the cost of living is cheaper than anywhere else, the figure is reduced to 5s. 5d.) The important point is that anyone following the specimen diets, or constructing others on the plan provided, can rest assured of adequate nutrition. The Report should be of particular value to institutions, where large-scale planning of provisions is necessary—or to those whose work takes them among the poor and who have felt the lack of an authoritative statement on this subject. Its moderate, common-sense attitude should also be a valuable corrective to dietary fanaticism.

* * *

In the 108 years that have passed since the manuscript of Pepys' diary was first given to the world in print, there has probably been no such gathering together of pictures, books and papers associated with Pepys as that which was opened on Monday by Mr. Arthur Bryant at Bumpus'. Magdalene College, Cambridge, has allowed several of its most valuable Pepys' papers to be shown in the Exhibition, including Charles II's commission appointing Pepys Secretary of the Admiralty (which contains a finely engraved portrait of the King himself), and also the pages of original shorthand in which Pepys took down from the King's dictation the latter's own account of his escape after the battle of Worcester. The register of the College is also on view, with an amusing entry recording a solemn reproof administered by the Fellows to the young Pepys as an undergraduate for too much indulgence in liquor. There are also the minute books of the Admiralty, written out both in shorthand and in longhand by their Secretary, and a notable gallery of portraits of Pepys' contemporaries in the form of paintings and engravings. Places associated with his memory are also portrayed, ranging from the country cottage of Pepys' father to a drawing in colour of the interior of the library of Pepys' official residence on the banks of the Thames. These examples—some of which we illustrate on page 845—should be enough to draw to the Exhibition Pepys lovers in general, and more particularly the readers of Mr. Arthur Bryant's new book, which we review in this issue.

* * *

One of those controversies on art which have recently raged in our correspondence columns has now been dignified by quotation in the Inaugural Lecture of the new Slade Professor at Cambridge*. The particular dispute was that over the colour in Frith's 'Derby Day'; one correspondent contending that it was 'drab and Dickensian', another that the colour was possibly 'shrill and strident' but certainly not 'drab'. Both are right, says Mr. Roger Fry—undoubtedly there are many patches of bright colour in the picture, as undoubtedly the artist has relapsed elsewhere in the picture into a vague neutrality that gives a total effect of drabness—and he uses the dispute to point his contention that it is not possible to reach objective æsthetic judgments of universal validity. Reversals of opinion from one generation to another are the commonplaces of the history of taste: Mr. Fry recalls how in his own time the 'focus of appreciation' has shifted, in Greek art from the fifth century to the archaic period; in Italian art, from the Primitives to the Seicento; and how the Post-Impressionists that in 1911 enraged the critics in the Burlington Galleries, have by 1933 assumed the respectability and status of old masters. But it is by no means entirely a question of the spirit of the age: the more we know about the psychology of art, the more we learn how the physical, the mental, the subconscious elements of each individual's make-up affect his receptivity to a work of art. Such experiments as those conducted by Dr. Thouless in Glasgow University show that it is not only a question of different people liking different things, but of actually *seeing* different things. And the very varied opinions recently expressed on the portrait of Henry VIII by a number of people, whose profession it is constantly to look at pictures, nicely proves the difficulty of reaching an objective æsthetic opinion that shall be valid for even one generation. This might all be considered very gloomy, but Mr. Fry goes on to show, most convincingly, that it is an extremely good thing that we cannot be too cocksure, that we cannot establish an absolute scale of goodness

in works of art. 'For the *knowledge* that a work of art has a high æsthetic value is absolutely useless to us—what matters is the intensity and significance of its effect upon us'. That being so, he concludes, 'matters of taste . . . so far from being *non disputanda*, are precisely the questions on which humanity may dispute and argue, more or less profitably, till the end of time'. Disputants over Picasso, over Miró, over 'Derby Day', please note.

* * *

The first available figures concerning the number of discussion groups which have been formed this autumn in various parts of the country seem to show a slight falling off in some directions as compared with last year, but with compensatory advances in other directions. The number of groups formed up to date are: North-West, 85; Yorkshire, 179; West Midlands, 44; West of England, 26; Scotland, 76; rest of England, 45; total, 455. These numbers show a falling off in the West and the West Midlands, and an increase in Yorkshire and Scotland. The general opinion of the organisers of groups seems to be that this autumn's series of talks have been more informational in character than usual and rather less controversial, and therefore less suitable for discussion purposes. However that may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Julian Huxley's scientific survey has been exceedingly popular with group listeners in the North. The survey of Rural Britain has also attracted a large number of groups, particularly in the West and in Yorkshire, while the talks on British institutions have proved more attractive than the Empire series for this purpose. Perhaps the most striking development is the large increase reported in the number of discussion groups at Centres for the Unemployed, following chiefly the special talks broadcast for their benefit in the mornings and afternoons but also other series as well. These unemployed groups include 40 in the North-West, 36 in Scotland, and 45 in Yorkshire; many of the men in these Centres have had no previous connection with any form of adult education, and the majority cannot be brought to attend ordinary adult classes at present, so that these informal groups are evidently meeting a real need. The West Midlands area reports the formation of three groups of blind people, and the North-West a group of parents of children attending a school for mentally defectives in Manchester. All areas report the formation of groups to follow the foreign language talks, especially the German: Scotland has formed 34 groups to follow its own regional series of 'Scotland Today and Tomorrow'.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: A cause that all instructed Scotsmen have very much at heart received a setback at a meeting of the Corporation of Glasgow the other day when, on a motion that the design of a projected hospital should be left to local members of the architectural profession in competition, the newly-elected majority carried a decision that the work be entrusted to the municipality's Master of Works department; their spokesman remarking, as reported, that 'the outside architecture of the building was not the only consideration'. In terms of strict ledger economy this position is unassailable. If a community employs architects it must use them. The opening of a competition to external practitioners would undoubtedly add to immediate expense. Probably the Corporation's men will produce a highly respectable set of plans. The decision is ominous, however, in view of the fact that this Corporation will have the administration of the Town Planning Act, a measure hugely important to such communities as Glasgow that have generations of planning ahead of them before they can hope to rid the city of the ugliness produced by haphazard building during the industrial epoch. Even in its latest manifestations Glasgow shows the need for a guiding hand on its expansion, and there are few cities of importance in which the speculative builder has so gleefully created nightmare 'schemes'. Yet the signs are that the engineer is to triumph over the architect, and the official to have his way. To suggest that the job calls for all the brains and taste we can mobilise is not to underrate the capacity of the official; the magnitude of the task in Scotland calls for more than he can compass. The latest decision is all the more regrettable inasmuch as the Government itself has admitted the principles of consultation and competition in respect of the new block of Scottish Office buildings to be set up in Edinburgh.

* Now published by the Cambridge University Press—*Art-History as an Academic Study*. By Roger Fry, 2s.

Recovery of 'The Sick Man of Europe'

By VERNON BARTLETT

A MONTH ago Turkey celebrated the tenth anniversary of her Republic. I had intended to give a talk at the time, because the changes that have taken place in that country are so remarkable that they deserve a lot of attention, but I was then speaking from Paris about the French attitude towards disarmament. So I am going now to discuss this country, twice the size of France, which has been transformed by Mustafa Kemal quite as drastically as Italy by Mussolini, Russia by Lenin, or Germany by Hitler.

The least impressive changes are in the city we used to know as Constantinople and now call Istanbul. My first glimpse of it was very depressing, because I came by rail instead of by sea. The decrepit little wooden houses spoilt for me its beauty and the beauty of the old crenellated walls which once defied the crusaders, but did not defeat them, since they occupied the Christian city of Constantinople and pillaged it more thoroughly than any pagan invaders had ever done. Perhaps when next I go there I shall not feel that the Golden Horn is merely an oily strip of filthy water, and that the Sultan who issued a decree in favour of wooden houses, as being less dangerous in the event of earthquakes, was one of the worst malefactors in history. One can almost imagine Mustafa Kemal standing among the goats on the big waste slope just below the city's most swagger hotel, and saying to himself that the only thing to do was to build an entirely new capital, far away on the other side of the Bosphorus.

The Ottoman Empire was held together by the Islamic religion, but it was weakened by all sorts of rivalries between the different Islamic nationalities it included. The Young Turks in 1908 were filled with patriotic zeal, but they also began with this Ottoman idea, and it was not until shortly before the World War that they realised that they must concentrate, like Hitler in Germany, on the race rather than upon the state. Again like Herr Hitler, with his 'Aryan' creed, Mustafa Kemal has made Turkish racialism almost a religion, and the fact that the great majority of Armenians and Greeks who were formerly subjects of the Ottoman Empire have been turned out of the country is one of the reasons why Istanbul struck me as a dying city.

It was not only by this insistence upon the Turkish race that Turks before the War gave an example which Mustafa Kemal followed after. As early as 1912 they drew up a programme of reform which very closely resembles the one that has been put through during the last ten years. Religion was to be modernised and the legal code to be altered so that it was no longer based upon the writings and sayings of Muhammad in the seventh century. The Arabic alphabet was to be replaced by the Latin one, and women were to go unveiled. The only trouble, of course, was that the programme remained a programme, and was never put into force. Men like Mustafa Kemal who worked for it were exiled from Constantinople to keep them out of mischief, and even during the War the die-hards managed to exclude them from most of the prominent positions. When the collapse came in October, 1918, Mr. Asquith, as he then was, stated that 'The Sick Man of Europe' really was dead at last, and that his resurrection had become an impossibility. Nobody at the time seemed to question that judgment.

Mustafa Kemal was only the most determined of many Young Turks, and if his quarrels with Enver Pasha had not led him to keep more closely to his military job than most politically-minded Turkish officers, we should probably have known his name before the War. Few of us did, however, for in 1914 he held the not very impressive job of Military Attaché in Bulgaria. It was a stroke of luck for him that the War should have broken out when he was concentrating his attention on military matters, and despite Enver Pasha's jealousy and his own unpopularity with the Germans who controlled the Turkish forces, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was in high command in Palestine just before Allenby's attack.

War gave him a second chance. The Greek army landed at Smyrna with British support on the very day when Mustafa Kemal was sent to the eastern provinces to supervise the

surrender of arms to the Allied Powers under the terms of the armistice. Deeply resenting the fact that Constantinople—because it still *was* Constantinople—was under inter-Allied control with a British general at the head, Mustafa Kemal naturally enough did his best to see that the arms went to him and not to his ex-enemies. Paying no heed to orders from the Sultan, he set about the job of organising an army in Anatolia to turn the Greeks out again. We all know how he succeeded.

While there were Greeks to fight on Turkish soil his job had been relatively easy, but now came the period of reconstruction. The Treasury was empty, and he was not going to allow the Greeks and the Armenians inside Turkey or the international bankers outside it to regain control over the country he was called upon to lead. To draw one more comparison between him and Hitler, he decided that Turkey must be for the Turks, just as Hitler decides that Germany must be for the 'Aryans', even though the country's prosperity may suffer a temporary setback. He offended most foreign countries especially by abolishing the system of capitulations, which dated from the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and which enabled foreigners to escape from Turkish laws and Turkish taxes. I believe that now no less than 99½ per cent. of the population of Turkey is Turkish, and in Ankara, except for the foreign diplomats and a few rather ruffianly-looking Kurds who have been exiled for political reasons from their own homes near the Mesopotamian border, you seldom see anyone who is not a pure-bred Turk. This was not as impressive as I had expected, since the reforms which have put the men into bowler hats and the women into imitation Paris model frocks have made the one main street of Ankara rather less picturesque than Shaftesbury Avenue or the Strand.

Ten years ago women were still veiled; now they have such freedom that, while a few of the older ones still wear black veils, the great majority lead just the same sort of life as women in Western Europe. They become municipal councillors, magistrates, professors, doctors, and so on. And the first Turkish airwoman was present in Ankara for the anniversary celebrations. Before the War the total length of railways in Turkey was 2,500 miles, all owned by foreign companies; nine years ago a new programme was drawn up and more than 1,100 miles of new railway have been built, which is a considerable job for so poor a country. Ten years ago the feeling against the British, because they played the principal part against Mustafa Kemal when they occupied Constantinople, was still very strong; now English has been adopted as the first foreign language to be learnt in the schools. Ten years ago the Arabic alphabet still complicated life to such an extent that probably fewer than half a million people, excluding children at school, could read or write; last year more than two million people were attending the popular schools. Ten years ago there was still this muddle about legislation based on the Koran; now new laws, based upon the Swiss Legal Code, give the citizen every reason to hope that he will receive a verdict based upon justice.

Will all these changes last? It is very probable that, although the Gazi has retained a system which is dictatorial, he is still quite as popular today as he was when he became the first President of the Republic. With the help of his Prime Minister, Izmet Pasha, he has converted Turkey into one of the most powerful countries in south-eastern Europe. People in Ankara will tell you not only that their country will form a Balkan Locarno, which will keep peace round the Black Sea, but also that it will be the bridge between eastern Europe and western Asia. And just as the Gazi has kept free of foreign interference in commerce, so he has jealously protected Turkish political independence. At one time, when Russia was Turkey's only friend, it looked as though Moscow might control Ankara, but since the Turkish state became a member of the League of Nations that seems less probable. Thanks to the wisdom and the perseverance and, at times, the ruthlessness of that lonely man, in his grey villa on the hill at Tchankaya, the 'Sick Man of Europe' has become the most vigorous force in the Near East.



Thunder at Sea

Scientific Research and Social Needs—VII

Science and War

By JULIAN HUXLEY

THE dispassionate setting down of facts on the relation of science to war, so far as they are available, cannot really do harm, and that is what I shall try to do. You will note I say 'so far as available'. That's because, as everyone knows, a great many of them are not available. Secrecy is the all-but universal accompaniment of war research. What is available, however, is the expenditure on research, which any one can dig out of Government documents: and we may perhaps begin with that.

For comparison we may take the amounts spent on other kinds of research. On research basic for industry in the year 1931-32, the Government spent, through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, a little over half a million pounds: on medical research, through the Medical Research Council, £139,000.

When we come to the Services, matters are more difficult to interpret, for in the parliamentary estimates of Service expenditure you will sometimes find included under research all sorts of expenses incurred for technical development which would not be classed as research by a private firm, and would not be undertaken at all by bodies like the D.S.I.R. or the M.R.C. To take one example, the total budgeted for Research and Technical Development in this year's Air Estimates is over £1½ million; but only about £½ million goes to what can really be called research. Even so, £¼ million for air research, and £100,000 for gas research are heavy items. There can be no doubt that the total spent by the Service Departments on what can legitimately be called scientific research is well over a million a year. But you must not forget several important facts. First, whereas there is relatively little research

for war purposes that is not financed by Government, there is a great deal for peace purposes. In industrial research, for instance, private firms subscribe rather more each year to the Research Associations than comes from Government sources, and the amount spent by private firms on their own research is certainly not less than £2 million. This makes a difference: and so does the fact that the half-scale and full-scale work—development research—must inevitably be larger in proportionate amount in war than in industry, for instance.

Yet even when all such allowances are made, the amount spent on research for war purposes does loom very large. What are we to say about it? As far as I can see, there is only one truly realistic attitude to be adopted about the relation between science and war. It is this—that so long as there is a real risk of war, the fullest resources of science should be used for two purposes—to make warfare as efficient as possible from the military point of view at the lowest possible cost, and also to make war as unlikely as it is possible to make it in a world of independent sovereign states.

Many people adopt half the realistic attitude—the half about using science to make war more efficient if it does come—but do not think about its other side, the possibility of using science and the scientific method to reduce the risk of war. This is as if a state-run fire insurance company were to employ all the resources of statistics and scientific management in calculating its premiums and dealing with its business routine, but to take no steps to enforce building regulations about safety from fire outbreak, or to reduce arson. But I shall come back later to this point. For the moment, let me concentrate on the first half of my thesis.

This, be it observed, is *not* the same thing as the old Latin adage that if you wish peace, you should prepare for war. It asserts something much less sweeping—and much less questionable—that if you prepare for war, you should prepare for it scientifically. The reason is simple. If you don't, then in the event of another war, you will be overwhelmed. Let us first get quite clear about this. Between 1911 and 1925, the size of the biggest naval guns increased from 12 inch to 16 inch, with an increase of weight of projectile from 850 lbs. to 2,000 lbs., an increase of range from rather over 11 to nearly 90 miles and a greater accuracy at high ranges. Now as in naval warfare, so long as big ships are used at all, victory (I quote the expressive words of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) 'will always rest with the side that can hit the hardest at the longest range', it is pretty obvious that to keep a navy and not to use all the resources of pure and applied science to increase the size and range of your guns is pure waste of life and money.

Or take another example. The most spectacular single changes in war methods which arose during the Great War, apart from the introduction of aeroplanes, was the use of gas. Not to try to bring up the efficiency of gas masks as far as possible beyond the point where the last War left them is simply to invite overwhelming defeat in the next infantry battle.

That being so, it is at least a slight comfort to recall some of the peace-time advantages which have come out of the applications of science to war-time needs. I am not advocating war as a method of securing scientific advance—that is like the method described in the *Essays of Elia*, of burning your house down to get roast pork! I just want to remind you that there is something to set off on the credit side.

Let us look at a few cases where science in the service of war has conferred permanent gifts on peace. The most obvious example is aviation. It is quite certain that we should not be able today to fly at will from England and France to Central Africa, from Holland to the East Indies, from New York to San Francisco, if it had not been for the stimulus given by the War to aviation, in theory and practice (and, let me add, if it had not been for the heroism of aviators). Not only were aerodynamics thus stimulated, but in the search for lightness, an impetus was given to the search for light and strong metallic alloys which has virtually given birth to a new branch of metallurgy. In a similar way, the demands made on the toughness of armour plate and on resistance to huge pressures in big guns, on accuracy in turbines (first used for naval purposes) have given us new heavy alloys and new standards of accuracy in steel manufacture which are proving of great service for all kinds of purposes.

Less spectacular perhaps than the stimulus of the war to aviation, but of far-reaching importance, was its stimulus to roadless transport. If it had not been for the tank, efficient caterpillar tractors would undoubtedly not by now have appeared on the peace-time scene. Then we have the fact, rather curious at first sight, that research on gas masks has led to a number of industrial improvements. This is because charcoal has been widely used in them to mop up poisonous substances out of the air. Charcoal will only do this when it is what is called 'active', which means chemically clean and highly porous so as to contain a great deal of internal surface. The study of the methods for activating it and studying how it works when activated, have led to all sorts of improvements in dealing with gas mixtures, for instance in separating one gas from another, in purifying commercial gas, and so on.

These are a few examples of the benefits which may accrue for constructive work from science applied to destructive purposes. We should not belittle them, or pretend that they don't exist. But do not let us delude ourselves into thinking that they

make more than a small offset to the damage and loss on the other side of the balance-sheet. And what is more to our present point, do not let us imagine that this is the only way to secure a certain type of constructive advance. If the amount of energy and money that goes into war research were focussed on to peace-time purposes, the results would be spectacular. They might not be the same in detail, but they would undoubtedly be far more important and far greater in volume than the present positive bye-product of war research. To take but one example: if one half of the amount annually spent on war research in this country (which almost certainly is proportionately below the amount spent by a number of other nations) were devoted to the problem of how to make the nation healthier, the results would without question be astounding, and the next generation would be on a different level of physique and health from that of any previous generation in any other country.

Research and its effects are less familiar to most people than concrete activities, so it is permissible to point the moral by reminding my listeners that the United States of America in the two-and-a-half years before the end of the War spent about £4,000 million on producing war equipment, and that this and the human effort behind it could have built the Panama Canal

forty times over. (As a further contrast, the Government expenditure on slums proposed by the present Minister of Health in this country is less than £100 million.)

But I must come back to my main point, the concern of science with war preparations. I have taken the attitude that, if there is any danger of war at all, the preparations for it should be scientific, as otherwise they will merely be wasted. I have given one or two examples of the use of science in this field. It is difficult to give many, since most of the work is, as a matter of national policy, kept rigorously secret, and requests to see it are met with a polite but categorical refusal.

Aviation is also the one sphere in which it is possible to see a good deal of the research done for the fighting services—and that is because the results of the work are as important for peace as they are for war. It should not be forgotten that the Air Ministry has civil as well as military functions, so that, important as its research work is for war, it is equally essential for civil aviation. An obvious example of this is the



A 24-ft. wind tunnel for the testing of aircraft. An idea of its size may be gained by comparison of the broom lying on the floor with the 'air straighteners' and the bearing for the driving fan shown here partly constructed

Royal Air Force Official—Crown copyright reserved

autogiro, or windmill 'plane. The earlier models of this strange revolutionary new type of aircraft suffered from certain minor defects; but now that in the latest model the windmill can be started rotating from the engine, the rod carrying the windmill can be tilted at the will of the pilot, and the air resistance has been lowered by doing away with wings and ailerons altogether, these have been overcome, and the research department of the Air Ministry are not only going to help with research, but to build new and larger models both for land and sea work. The new type of small autogiro will fly almost as fast as an ordinary 'plane of the same weight, and with the same engine; but its stalling speed is only fifteen instead of about fifty miles an hour, it only needs about twenty yards to take off, and only five yards to land, against a very gentle breeze.

Apart from minor but still important considerations, such as the possibility of hovering stationary over a site for purposes either of bomb-dropping or of photography, and the reduction to seaplane types of the speed, and therefore the danger, of taking off with a choppy sea running, the new autogiro opens up three absolutely fundamental new possibilities to aircraft. It makes it possible to operate with safety in mountainous regions; it at least makes it possible to think of privately-owned and privately-garaged aircraft in towns; and it enormously reduces the dangers of fog. This last is, at the moment at least, perhaps the most important. Fog is the great enemy of air transport, more dangerous than gales or storms, so long as a



Attaching fifty-pound bombs to one of the bombing squadron aeroplanes

Keystone

long landing run makes a clear view of the landing ground essential. But if you know you can land safely in the space of a garden lawn or a roadway, fog loses half—perhaps nine-tenths—of its terrors.

It will be of the extremest interest to see what happens in the competition, which is bound to become acute, between the autogiro and the ordinary aeroplane. In any case, however, the familiar winged type will doubtless continue to be used on a large scale for a long time—there is the momentum of long use and thorough testing behind it, not to mention that of the energy and capital tied up in its manufacture.

A great deal of its present serviceableness is due to patient research and scientific testing. I saw a good deal of this at the National Physical Laboratory, and had a talk with the Director of Research at the Air Ministry about the similar, but larger-scale work, going on at Farnborough.

The most spectacular work is in the wind-tunnels, both horizontal and vertical. A wind-tunnel is, simply speaking, a tube through which air can be forced, making a wind of known speed, usually about 100 miles per hour, but in some special cases rising to 300 miles per hour and over. In the tunnel path of the wind, is placed a small-scale model of the aeroplane to be tested. In general, the bigger the tunnel, the less difficulty there is in applying the results obtained on a model to actual full-size machines. Most of the wind tunnels at the N.P.L. are less than 10 feet across; but at Farnborough they have built a 24-foot tunnel, and in America there is one measuring 60 by 30 feet. Another way of getting over the difficulty of the small-scale model is to use compressed air (my listeners will have to take my word for this fact—it would take too long to explain the reason). Accordingly, a new tunnel has been put up at the N.P.L. in which the wind is at a pressure of 25 atmospheres. This is a very impressive object to look at, being made of a series of the biggest rolled forgings ever made, each weighing 24 tons, bolted together. The steel wall is about 2½ inches thick. Most ingenious gadgets permit the model to be manipulated and the records to be read from outside the tunnel.

By work such as this, striking improvements have been made largely in the way of reducing air resistance, and therefore, of course, of improving the speed and range of aircraft, and also in the way of increasing stability.

As regards stability, however, the most intriguing research is going on at Farnborough in the vertical wind-tunnel, in which a model, actually flying freely, is supported by an upward current of air. This is proving especially useful in studying the question of spin, which so far has proved too complex for

proper mathematical analysis. Sometimes, after the models are flying gaily, their controls are altered by a delayed action switch which was set beforehand, so as to study the effects of sudden movements during flight. Already the work has led to certain changes in design.

So I could go on, but I have no space. I would only like to emphasise again that the great majority of the research work of the Air Ministry is in the present state of aviation inevitably devoted to the general improvement of aircraft, in regard to speed, efficiency, range, carrying capacity, stability, reduction of noise and general safety and comfort: and that this cannot help being equally useful to civil as to military aviation, as indeed it is intended to be.

But besides the use of science in making war preparations efficient from the technical military point of view, it can help to increase their efficiency from another angle—low cost to the nation—according to certain general principles. One of these is that in a research programme, competing interests should be harmonised so far as possible in a central organisation; another is that arrangements for expenditure should be as flexible as possible. Let me take these two points and see how they apply to war research. In this field, the need of land warfare, sea warfare and air warfare are in a certain real sense competing interests so long as there are three separate departments of State dealing with them. This is not the place, nor have I the knowledge, to debate whether the conflict of interests can best be resolved by merging the three in a single Ministry of Defence—as most people know, there are many pros and cons to this question—or by the present unsatisfactory methods of having a rather exiguous Committee of Imperial Defence, coupled with periodical meetings between the Chiefs of Staff of the different Services. Here we are concerned only with the relation of

research to the problem, and it may be suggested that the establishment of a Services Research Council, covering the whole field of science in its relation to warfare, and analogous to the D.S.I.R. in the field of industry or the Medical Research Council in the field of health, would probably be advantageous.

At the present moment, many people feel that the cost of war research is low in proportion to the amount of money spent on the upkeep of possibly obsolescent armaments, but high in proportion to its ultimate efficiency—proper

organisation could much increase the nation's money's worth. If such a Council were established, it would not only be able to take research out of its departmental pigeon-holes and see it more readily in relation to the utility of war needs, but—and this brings me to my second point—it would probably be a

(Continued on page 848)



An amphibious tank

Testing a new tank made for the British Army which is as much at home in the water as on land

Keystone



Preparation for gas attacks

Members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade undergoing inspection as part of the training for protection of the civil population against attacks from the air by poison gas

The National Character—IX

The Merchant

By ARTHUR BRYANT

ONCE before in this series I fell back on a great predecessor who had essayed the task of drawing the national types of character. I want to do so again now. In Sir Andrew Freeport, Addison drew the picture of a sober, substantial merchant of the reign of Queen Anne. He was a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience; and he used to call the sea the British Common. You may meet the merchant also in the pages of Pepys' diary: in the Houblons, whom Pepys met, or in his friend, sober, substantial Sir John Buckworth, whose shrewd, kindly face, painted by the young Kneller, looks down on me from my walls at home.

This was the man who made the wealth of England between the accession of Charles II in the seventeenth century and the rise of Chatham in the next. He was not a mercantile administrator with imperial dreams like his more ambitious successor, or an organiser of massed factory labour like his more distant descendant of the nineteenth century, but a plain and rather unassuming trader. He was still a little suspect by the government: he was generally a Dissenter, a Whig, and suspected (though usually quite wrongly) of republican leanings. He gave himself no airs because compared with the landed gentry he was still nobody; indeed, his greatest ambition was, like Sir Andrew Freeport, to become a country squire and, as soon as he had made his fortune, to remove it from 'the uncertainty of stocks, winds and waves' and anchor it in substantial acres and tenements. Many of our most splendid houses which date from the early eighteenth century owe their building and noble planting and furnishing to the homely hunger for land of the successful English merchant. And successful he was—not because he was a speculator or a projector of grandiose visions, but because he was both enterprising and prudent, consistent in his aims and integrity, and because he worked like a slave. In expanding his fortune (and consequently that of England) he never missed an opportunity. From his counting-house beneath Bow Steeple he sent out ships to trade with every nation.

Of course, there had been merchants in England long before this. But up to the time of the Tudors they had been comparatively very small fry, kept in their place by kings and barons and churchmen, and subject to the restrictive rules of what one might call (to borrow a modern phrase) the mediæval corporate state. There had been exceptions, of course, like the proud traders of whom the poet Langland complained:

Full proud hearted men—patient of tongue
And buxome as beryng to burghers and lords
And to poor people having pepper in the nose—

—or that great Sir Thomas Gresham of Elizabeth's reign, who financed the government's wars and built the Royal Exchange. But it wasn't till Charles II returned to England in 1660 that the English merchant received his great chance, and the wealth of the country through him began to increase by leaps and bounds.

The rise of our English merchant—one of the most portentous things, for good or bad, that ever happened in the history of the world—dates from the breakdown of the mediæval corporate state. The Norman kings had harnessed that passionate feeling for liberty which is so strong a part of the English make-up by giving rules and limits to all things—in rather the same way as our modern politicians and civil servants are laying down laws and regulations for all the activities of life. If a man was a baker, he was not free to bake bad bread, however advantageous it might be for him to do so, and he was drawn to the pillory if he did. Bad work was burned and fraudulent traders

punished: the main object was not to make wealth but to preserve the dignity and status of the trade as a whole. But with the fall of the mediæval church, and still more with the fall of the old monarchy in 1649, the restrictive regulations of the past fell into disuse. When Defoe visited Colchester in the reign of George I, he noted that all the local baize before being exported was inspected by an ancient society, whose Masters viewed and sealed it: and such was their reputation that this seal was held sufficient to ensure its sale abroad. But he added this inspection was 'of late much omitted'. Local traders and manufacturers were, in fact, becoming impatient; they saw new markets opening up and refused any longer to dance attendance on old, inefficient and out-of-date officials.

The same tendency was observable everywhere. When London was burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666, the King ordered that it should be rebuilt on certain broad and noble lines suggested by the great architect Wren. His order was about as effective as that of his forerunner Canute when he ordered the tide to stand still! The London merchants simply disregarded it and, in their anxiety to make profits quickly, rebuilt their shops and warehouses as quickly as they could, and just anyhow. And the great Corporation of London, which two centuries before would have needed no order from the King to safeguard the interests of its own city, stood by and watched. The corporate state was dead, and the English, who had never had much enthusiasm for abstract ideals of government, gave a rein to their individual tendencies and did whatever seemed best in their own eyes. The result was that henceforward English trade and English life developed in a rather anarchical way. The appalling state of the new industrial towns was largely due to this English dislike of government interference. As long as a town was kept moderately clean (to save themselves from infection) and enough order was preserved to prevent robbery and violence, our great grandfathers felt that national co-operative effort had done all that it could do.

'The grand old egoism that aforetime built the house', George Meredith called this individualist

passion of the English merchant. Each of them was a law and power to himself. They built their houses like little castles, with railings and areas about them; resented policemen, keepers and officials; and with their Scots brothers laid before the world the great doctrine of *laissez-faire*, or, as someone else has put it—'Each for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost'. And with those simple rules, they grew rich at such a pace as before had never been conceived possible. Of that wealth, a certain sober integrity and industry was the first foundation. 'Keep your shop and your shop will keep you', was the watchword the old merchant gave his apprentices. The early eighteenth century is *par excellence* the age of the triumph of the industrious apprentice: of the hard-working, thrifty, God-fearing young man who stayed late at his ledgers, married his principal's daughter and became a citizen of credit and renown.

Of such good men, honesty of dealing was the hall mark: you knew them by their works. Perhaps the high traditions of their best clients had something to do with this. I always think that a very interesting book might be written on the effect of English country gentlemen on the principles of English trade. For they were good clients as well as rich ones, and good clients make honest traders. I have before me a letter written by an eighteenth-century squire to a merchant who had sent him over-measure:

Mr. Yates /

I had the 2 pounds of Raisins you sent, you made a mistake in putting up the Currants, there were 6 pounds of them instead of 4—



London tea-merchant's shop, early nineteenth century

From 'Life in Regency and Early Victorian Times', by E. Beresford Chancellor (Batsford)

and you have charged no more than 4 pounds, which was what I sent for, but 2 pounds of currants will be no losse to mee, so I have sent you the money for 'em. There is also a mistake in the money the boy gave you, for I gave him but 5 shillings & six pence & hee brought mee again 2s. 10d., so I have sent you 1s. 9d. I fear had it been any servant but an ignorant boy you would have lost the money; you see the account is right by the paper inclosed. Pray send a rect. in full by the bearer that wee may have no more mistakes*.



Liverymen in the time of James I: from the Charter of the Leathersellers, 1604

Such clients were also shrewd and quick to notice wrong dealing, as witness the following:

This desires Mrs. Willson to send mee a quarter of an hundred of treble refined loaf sugar, two pounds of the best coffee berries, a pound of the best Bohea tea, & half a pound of the finest green tea; pray don't let your Bohea tea be so full of Dust as your last was. Send these by the Buckingham carrier . . . & send your bill with it†.

And such criticism also conduces to honesty.

But integrity alone would not have made English trade the force that it became. Something dynamic drove the English to trade in the seventeen and eighteen hundreds in much the same way that it had driven their remote Norwegian forbears across the North Sea. I think that our English law of primogeniture, combined with the English climate, had a lot to do with this. An English squire of the old school had perhaps a dozen sons: they were all brought up together in a great house, surrounded by all those amenities and comforts which are so necessary to make life enjoyable, and sometimes even tolerable, in our raw northern climate. But instead of the father's fortune being divided between them as in France, one of them inherited all his wealth and the rest were thrown almost penniless into the world to make their own fortunes or perish. And having once known comfort, they were all the more anxious to win for themselves the good things given at such an easy rate to their elder brothers. The only means of doing so was by trade, and I believe that the enormous expansion of English trade from 1660 onwards was due largely to the pressure of younger sons seeking new sources of wealth. One finds them all over the world, seeking for new markets, trading hoop-iron and brass rings for spices and silks with bewildered natives, and bringing home wealth to enrich a little island of squires and yeomen. When Dudley North went on his first voyage *via* Archangel to Smyrna, his rich father equipped him with £100; and with this he had to make his fortune or perish. He made it.

Such men changed the orientation of English life. Most Englishmen remained interested only in their own internal affairs; but the merchant's gaze was fixed outwards and on the whole world. 'Our ships', wrote Addison in 1710, 'are laden with the harvest of every climate: our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines: our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the

drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies'. His Sir Andrew Freeport called the vineyards of France our gardens, the spice islands our hotbeds, the Persians our silk weavers and the Chinese our potters. And into every corner of the world there spread an ever-growing forest, whose trees were the masts of English merchant ships.

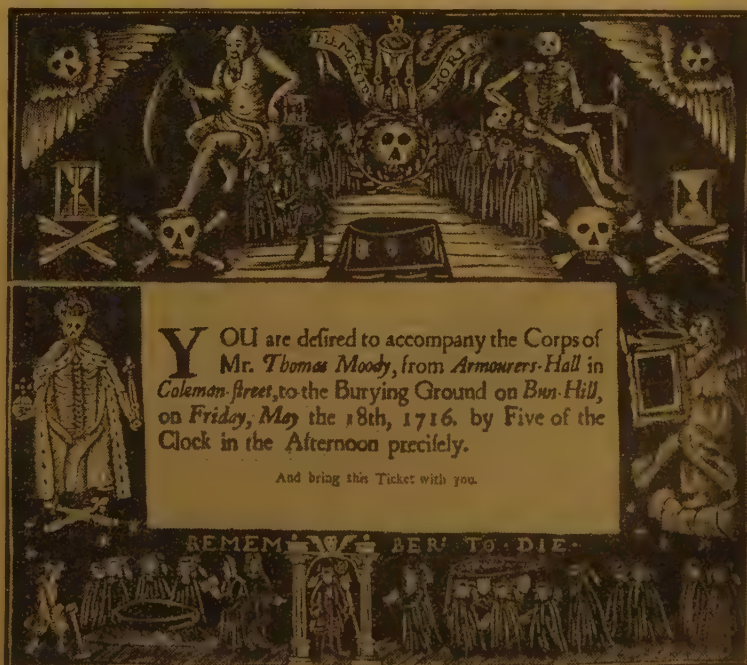
As the candid historian watches the expansion of English wealth in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, he cannot help being struck by the terrific and almost frightening energy of our English merchant class. All the rough coarse native energy of England became concentrated in this tremendous drive for trade and wealth, the appetite all the time growing on what it fed on. And with all that agglomeration of wealth and power, the English merchant expanded also—expanded in the sense of possessing himself of larger houses, greater possessions, vaster savings at the Bank. One has only to take a walk from Bayswater to South Kensington and thence across to Belgravia and Mayfair and count the number of houses which demand £2,000 a year to maintain to realise how vast was that wealth. 'With £8,000 a year', wrote Taine, 'one is not wealthy in England, one is merely comfortable'. Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* paints a wonderful picture of that Victorian London of rich merchants. Assured in their sense of property, 'they had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet . . . in consols, for they had no dread in life like that of 3 per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics'. They inhabited vast ugly mansions scattered around Hyde Park and the provincial cities, lived carefully regulated lives and controlled any amount of property.

But for all this power and wealth there was a price. Like imperial Rome, the mercantile empire of Victorian England weighed heavily on those who upheld it. The Frenchman Taine speaks of what he saw in the England of 1861, of the reverse side of Victorian London—opulent, world-powerful, triumphant:

I recall the alleys which run into Oxford Street, stifling alleys, encrusted with human exhalations; troops of pale children nestling on the muddy stairs; the seats on London Bridge, where families, huddled together with drooping heads, shiver through the night; particularly the Haymarket and the Strand in the evening. Every hundred steps one jostles twenty harlots; some of them ask for a glass of gin; others say, 'Sir, it is to pay for my lodging'. This is not debauchery which flaunts itself, but destitution—and such destitution! The deplorable procession in the shade of the monumental streets is sickening; it seems to me a march of the dead. That is a plague spot—the real plague spot of English society.

As Taine justly observed, the great social mill crushed and ground beneath its steel gearing the lowest human stratum. It was the price England paid for its mercantile wealth, and we are still paying it.

There was another price. It has been said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The price of commercial empire is eternal restraint—restraint, I mean, of the human instincts for pleasure, for ease, for beauty. And the English character as it revealed itself in the careful merchant suffered a certain pruning that, though it robbed it of much that was bad, robbed it of much also that was good. In their quest for property, the



The Puritan spirit displayed in a Liveryman's Funeral Card
Illustrations from Col. R. J. Blackham's 'London Livery Companies' (Sampton Low)

*Purfoy Letters. I., p. 66

†Purfoy Letters. I., p. 67

Forsytes destroyed everything that clashed with it—beauty, love, even life itself. Patient and absolutely resolute in achieving their purpose, cautious and sparing even of words, and stern to suppress all emotion, they saw life only in the terms of property. Like Midas, they turned all they touched to gold—the wonders of nature, the simple peoples of the remote lands they conquered, and like poor Soames Forsyte, even their own women-folk and children. Against their great virtues—of thrift, perseverance and self-control—one must set this reverse picture, of something narrow and depressingly barren. ‘It is a good thing’, commented Taine, ‘to work and it is a good thing to be wealthy, but to work and to be rich are not sufficient’.

And here I think I ought to speak for a moment of that great force which gave the English merchant his stern virtues, and also, I think, something of his faults. I don’t want to fall into the prevailing error of seeing nothing but bad in our English Puritanism; it was productive of some of the noblest and purest of virtues. But as an effective force for the everyday man, it can be best judged by seeing its fruits in the English merchant, who of all our types was the most influenced by it.

Now Puritanism, unless I read my history wrong, was the practical application of the teaching of the Old Testament—the morality which the somewhat literal English mind distilled from its reading of the Hebrew prophets and poets. It was to suppress the lusts of the flesh, regulate one’s life by stern rule and give oneself over to an inexorable purpose. Like many other people I am not certain that it was quite as beneficial to our chilled northern natures as it was to the more luxuriant eastern race for whom it was originally intended. But it certainly was admirably suited for the task of making good merchants. It is a disadvantage in business to be allured by the world, the flesh, and the devil—even to read much literature, to listen to music, to pursue the phantom beauty. Early rising, spare stern living, self-denial in the present for the sake of the future, unceasing attachment to duty, honesty of word and consistency of action—these are the methods of great business. And these are exactly what Puritanism fostered in the English people. Even when our merchant (as often happened) was not a particularly moral man, he could easily, without inconveniencing himself, pay a very convincing lip-service to Puritan morality; like Dryden’s Sheriff, you remember, he

did wisely from expensive sins refrain
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain.

Morality, in fact, became a species of valuable property to the English merchant classes: as Taine put it: ‘apparently they consider morality not as an object of curiosity, but as a practical tool, an instrument in daily use which must be sharpened every Sunday’. When he visited London in the middle of Queen Victoria’s reign, he noticed that there were bibles chained up on lecterns in the waiting rooms of our railway stations. The English Sabbath served the same valuable end. It gave a breathing space, a rallying ground for the English energies before resuming their terrific task of harnessing the forces of the world to the chariot of their wealth. And lest any dangerous earthly pleasure or indulgence should distract them during this necessary day of idleness, almost all activity was forbidden.

The shops are shut, the streets almost deserted [wrote a foreigner] the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by under their umbrellas, in the desert of squares and streets, have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves; it is appalling.

Yet, just as this somewhat drab morality was often attended by the grandest nobility of character, so also it was perpetually being modified by our English instinct for good living. Ruddy faced, full-fleshed, clear-eyed, our merchant grandfathers as they look down on us from their portraits speak of strongly suppressed passions and vigorous appetites. Behind the gloomy facade of Victorian London, there was a rich world of capital taverns and eating houses, of good fare, of occasional and traditional saturnalia, like the Boat Race and Derby Day, when the whole nation forgot money-making for once and indulged to the full its hereditary tastes for food, drink, good-fellowship, and boisterous play. And all the time the merchant type kept turning out exceptional men with strong aristocratic tastes, like old Jolyon Forsyte, who made themselves traditional institutions for pleasure and recreation after the manner of the country gentry—the great London clubs, Lord’s, the yacht club at Fort William or Hong Kong.

And so the wheel turns full circle, and we come back to that eternal English tendency to transfer its energies from work to pleasure. When the merchant had made his pile by ceaseless labour and self-denial, something English in him prompted him

to take his ease in Zion and throw all his energies into the enjoyment of what he had won. Or if it didn’t so prompt him, it did his son; and the money so frugally and furiously accumulated was as extravagantly and furiously spent. Hence the old saying of Lancashire—that home of instinctive English wisdom—‘Clogs to clogs in three generations’.

And certainly the history of England at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century is a singular illustration of that truth. The younger generations of the Forsytes no longer applied themselves to their business with the old unremitting industry: they felt themselves better employed in enjoying the fortunes their fathers had made. The father who turned his father’s ten thousand pounds into a quarter of a million was followed by a son who went to Eton and Oxford, bought a house in a good hunting county, and spent his autumns on a Scottish grouse moor, and his Lents in a villa at Cannes. The old frugal Puritanism of his father was forgotten, and the Stoic was succeeded by the Epicurean. That was the history of many an English business house in the half-century between the old Queen’s Jubilee and the present day. And when the head of the firm hunts on two days of the week and is more interested in the niceties of bridge and golf than the sober figures of his ledgers, business is apt to languish and trade to depart to more vigorous rivals. I am not at all certain that the younger Forsyte was not a more cultured, and, in some ways a better, man than his stern and narrow father. But he wasn’t a worker, and he failed to rise to the great trust which had been committed to him—to me the most wonderful opportunity that any man can be offered—of giving himself whole-heartedly and without reserve to the service of those whom by wealth and heritage he had been called to lead. I am afraid it is a hard truth for any Englishman to stomach: but the man who gives himself an hour’s more recreation or pleasure than the men who work under him is betraying the sacred gift of leadership. At least so it has always seemed to me.

But the wheel is still turning, and I see every sign that the circle is coming round again. The reserves of capital which our grandfathers and great grandfathers left us are nearly expended, and the standards of living of all classes are threatened. Once more we are faced with the necessity of working, and I have observed among my younger business friends and acquaintances an industry and application to business which a few years back was almost forgotten. We are taking stock again, and I believe that a good look at the worst will do us no harm. And it is just as well to remember that whatever form the distribution of wealth may take in the future, we have got as a nation to earn our living; and that, inhabiting this inclement northern island, neither capitalism nor socialism nor rationalisation, nor any other kind of ‘ism’ or ‘ation’, can by itself absolve us from the necessity of individual hard thinking and hard working. And perhaps it is as well that it is so, for the oak of England is of hardy growth, and we flourish best when we work and fight hardest.

Conference of Group Leaders

The Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education has decided to defer the usual annual conference of group leaders, which has been held in the past at the beginning of January, to a later date in the year, probably about March or April, the reason being that by that time more information should be available concerning the future development of broadcast adult education after the five years’ period, which comes to an end next July. In the meantime, however, the West Midlands Council is holding a regional conference of its own for group leaders on December 9, and the Yorkshire Area Council a similar conference on Saturday, January 6. The former is being held at the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, and one of the speakers will probably be Professor Hilton, who is to give the talks on ‘Industrial Britain’ in the New Year.

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'The Debate Continues'—VII

What Has Been Done for British Trade

By the Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P.

Broadcast on November 23

I DO not talk politics tonight—at least, not politics in the more usual sense of the word. I want to talk to you as a business man. I am at present the Minister responsible for trade and industry; all of you depend in one way or another on trade and industry. I propose, therefore, to tell you something of what the National Government have done for British trade, why we have done it, and what the results so far have been. I believe that the plain facts are our best justification.

You will remember that the National Government was formed in a crisis. Men of all views dropped their political differences to meet the common dangers. Don't let us forget too easily what the dangers were in August, 1931. There was the danger of the collapse of your money: your pounds and your shillings nearly lost their former value. If the pound had followed the fate of the French franc or, still worse, the German mark, we should all have suffered—the poor and the middle classes would have suffered most, as we have seen in Germany, but none would have escaped. The National Government saved us from this calamity. We put our national finances on a proper footing: we cut down our expenditure and increased our national revenue. Those are not easy things to do, and they could not be done without hardship, but the effort had to be made. I believe that everyone, even our opponents, knew in their hearts that it had to be made to save the people of the United Kingdom from disaster.

There was another danger. We were buying more from abroad than we could afford to pay for. The Government stopped this dangerous flood of imports by a special emergency measure: we put duties of 50 per cent. without delay on those goods which were coming to Britain in abnormal quantities, and especially on luxuries. That was a rough-and-ready measure to stop the gaps in our defence; now, we have built a proper sea wall. The Import Duties Act imposed a duty of 10 per cent. on all our imports except the most important raw materials and foodstuffs—things like raw cotton, or wool, or meat. Then we set up a Committee called the Import Duties Advisory Committee—a Committee quite independent of politics and politicians—to recommend higher or lower duties on manufactured goods where they thought them necessary. Most of those duties are now between 20 per cent. and 30 per cent., a moderate level as tariffs go. That was for the home market: then we turned to exports.

We dealt first with the Dominions and Colonies, where merchants, importers and the ordinary consumer are already attached to us by sentiment and tradition. At the Ottawa Conference of 1932 the Government made a series of agreements with the great Dominions and with India. On those agreements there will be built up export trades greater than ever before, when they have had time to develop.

Next, the Government turned their attention to our foreign trade. This year we have made trade agreements with all the Scandinavian countries, with Finland, and with the Argentine. Under these agreements we have got important advantages for our export trade which we could never have got without the bargaining power of tariffs. For instance, Denmark has made it easier for us to sell to her people, among other things, various kinds of cotton piece goods, artificial silk mixtures, carpets, and so forth. She has undertaken not to put duties on our coal or coke, on iron and steel and other things. Norway does much the same. Sweden has reduced duties on many of these things, and also on light motor-cars and motor-cycles. Finland has reduced the duties on our textiles and on salt herrings.

In the Argentine agreement, there was this additional special point. Until we came to a settlement with the Argentines our exporters did not know whether they could bring home the payments they received out there for the British goods they sold in Argentina. This is now being put right, and arrangements have been made for the Argentine money—pesos, as they are called—held up in Buenos Aires in the past, to be brought to London and converted into pounds sterling with which to pay wages here at home and provide for profit and materials. Argentina has also reduced her duties on cotton, woollen and other textile goods which are of special interest to this country. An important change of advantage to us has been made in the basis upon which the duties on motor-cars and other things are charged, and so on.

One thing we have done in several agreements. The foreign countries concerned have promised to take more of our coal and coke. The net result is that, on the basis of 1931, we can count on more than three million extra tons of coal being sold abroad by us to these foreign countries. That is a substantial figure, but for those who don't like figures let me put it in this way. These

trade agreements were intended to mean, and in the result do mean, more work for many of you. And we got the agreements and the concessions embodied in them by using our bargaining tariff. They mean more work for the men and women in many mills, mines, factories and workshops. I have heard some sceptics deny this. That denial is something we can excuse in the ignorant, but not in those who ought to be well-informed and who ought to speak and write with care. In spite of things being still so bad in many places, the miners of, say, the north-east of England or the east of Scotland are getting some of the benefits of these agreements now. A ton of coal thus exported is worth a ship-load of sour theory. Some people used to say that tariffs cannot be reduced by means of tariffs. They can: and we have proved it. When Parliament was discussing the Import Duties Act, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and I made it perfectly clear that we were going to use this new bargaining weapon to get advantages for our exporters. I don't want to put it too high, but I can say that we have kept that pledge—and kept it with comparative success.

Let us look at other results of our policy. Almost every industry which we protected under the Import Duties Act is doing better now than it was then. I have spoken of coal: think of iron and steel. We were told by professors and politicians, who know more of theory than of practice, that the duties would make iron and steel dearer to the finishing industries, and would choke off the exports which we aim at selling abroad. It is true that there have been some small alterations in price, but the general level of prices of British iron and steel has not altered in the last eighteen months, and the export trade has grown. The works, except, for instance, for ship-plates, are more fully employed than for years past.

Look at textiles. As a whole they produced last quarter one-sixth as much again as in the same period last year. In wool, work has been found for half of those who were out of work last year, in addition to those already employed. Imports of raw material—a good measure of the volume of trade—are half as much again as they were. In cotton, Lancashire, Cheshire and Yorkshire are having a very difficult time, but even there, the number of people at work is a little bigger, and the mills are taking in more and more raw cotton.

There are many other instances of a like nature. You know more than any other people about your own particular employment. Those of you who work in the electrical industries, for instance, know more than the political economists. You know the practical and personal benefits that come from that industry selling a quarter as much again this year to foreign countries. Or motor-cars. Of 47,000 people unemployed in that and kindred industries last year, work has been found for 14,000: these are over and above men already earning wages there. For every £300 worth of cars we sold abroad last year we are selling £400 worth now. Follow that through, and you will find that it means more work for iron-founders, steel workers, stampers, pressers, rubber workers, upholsterers, mechanics, engineers. These are all getting more work, and getting it as a result of the National Government's policy.

The plain fact is that, despite the chaos of international trade, we have seen improvements here which other countries envy, and British industry and commerce is today employing and supporting more wage-earners than at any time in the past three years. Over two million still unemployed is a solemn fact, but it is at least far better than the nearly three million who were out of work when we took over the Government. There are still far too many obstacles in the way of the overseas trade of every Continent, but we have made some progress in the good work of reducing the barriers. It is only by patient and persistent efforts, and by friendly arrangements with country after country, that we can extend the purchase and sale of goods and materials throughout the world.

I know what some of you may say. You may say that I seem to think things are much better than they are. I assure you that I do not. I know the difficulties of many trades; I can imagine the difficulties of many who want to work in those trades. The crisis is not over. It is because I realise those difficulties—it is because I know that the crisis is not over—that I speak to you now, not as an old Liberal, nor as a political partisan. I have thrown my whole weight into the service of the National Government, and of the country as a whole. You put us into office to see you through the crisis: we will not leave the ship while the storm lasts, and we ask all of you—whether Liberal, Labour or Conservative—to join in the general effort to secure an early return to the prosperity for which we are striving.

The Listener's Music

Neglect of Living Composers

IN my last article I mentioned a recently-published book by Mr. Hubert J. Foss, *Music in my Time**. This week I propose to take a text from it.

If Mr. Foss had reached the ripe age that is usually regarded as one of the qualifications for writing a survey of the kind, the result would almost certainly have been less useful. For the musical world is at present in a condition when the need is for looking forward rather than backward, and for taking the long view, too. Mr. Foss has lived long enough to find pleasure in looking back, but he is still sufficiently youthful to see that there is far more interest in taking stock of today and doing some constructive thinking about tomorrow. From the almost embarrassing number of hares he starts, I choose one: the lack of recognition given to living composers.

Mr. Foss points out an odd fact in modern life when he says that the public is avid for novelty in everything save art, where 'the public's taste for novelty lags behind the artists' powers of production'. Why is this? I do not think there is much in the suggestion that cultured people shy at new music because it is apt to leave them unable 'to express an immediate opinion'. In cultured and uncultured circles alike there is, on the contrary, too great a readiness to pass judgment on music of any kind. Mr. Foss says: 'Art that is not immediately intelligible to the eye or ear of one who is admittedly neither an expert nor a critical investigator is customarily dismissed as the work of either a charlatan or a madman'. This is a bit too sweeping, though there is something in it. I quote it because although (so far as I remember) no contemporary composer has ever been deliberately called a madman, a good many have been dismissed as charlatans. And, bearing in mind the early activities of the Paris 'Six' and their disciples and champions in this country, there was some justification for the label. Modern music, like modern painting and sculpture, is probably still paying for the 'leg-pulling' exploits of the 'futurists'. However, this phase is now long past; some of the leg-pullers have, in fact, now developed (I had almost said grown up) into composers of serious aims and achievements.

Mr. Foss speculates as to how far composers in the past were neglected by the public of their day. The popular view is that genius was always misunderstood, cold-shouldered and rewarded with a garret and a crust. History does not bear this out, at all events so far as great composers are concerned. As to the amount of public performance and understanding that fell to them, the available information is too scanty and unreliable to tell us much; and the public concert, as we know it today, with its frequency, large halls, and press reports, is too recent a development to provide data. Moreover, much of the world's greatest music was produced at a time when, owing to the absence or scarcity of publishing facilities, performance and appreciation were confined to a small circle. But from the time of Beethoven (practically all of whose music was published and widely performed in his lifetime) composers of real eminence have generally played a prominent part in the contemporary scene.

With every passing year, however, recognition becomes increasingly difficult owing to the sheer mass of good music of all kinds. Every novelty has to contend against (a) rival novelties, (b) the enormous standing *corpus* of classical music, and (c) the steady flow of new editions of revived old works, and of transcriptions, for every possible medium, of all sorts of popular classics. Bitter things have long been said by modern composers about the 'dead hand' of the classics. That hand presses no less heavily today, and to it has been added the menacing fist of the reprint and the transcription. The latter has, indeed, reached a stage when it calls for consideration by professional bodies. Transcription is amply justified when it puts into circulation a fine thing that in its original form might rarely be heard; it is entirely without justification when it gives performers an additional opportunity of making hackneyed music more threadbare still. Only a few days ago, for instance, a famous cellist included in his programme a transcription of one of the most popular songs in the contralto repertory—with a well-known contralto sharing the recital! It would have been as logical for the singer to have vocalised an equally well-worn cello solo.

A glance at the programmes of pianists, violinists, and cellists will reveal a grossly unfair proportion of transcriptions of music that already receives ample consideration in its original version. 'Unfair'—(a) to living composers of excellent works that are thus squeezed out; (b) to publishers of contemporary music; and (c) to the public, which needs to be defended against its complacent sluggishness where art is concerned.

Another factor of increasing weight is the over-repetition of standard works. Logically, this should have been reduced by the development of broadcasting and the gramophone, because these agencies, by bringing familiar classics within reach of everybody, make their frequent inclusion in concert programmes no longer necessary. Yet we find orchestral concerts repeating

the stock overtures and suites with the frequency of twenty years ago. It would be interesting to know how many times such warhorses as, for example, the overtures to 'Freischütz', 'William Tell', 'Leonora No. 3', 'Midsummer Night's Dream', 'Tannhäuser', and a dozen others are led out and put through their paces during a season. And this repetition is not confined to the concert-hall: the broadcasting studio also does its part in debasing the familiar into the threadbare. I do not suggest that such works as I have mentioned should be put on the shelf; there are always new listeners coming along, and what is hackneyed to us is to the new a thrilling novelty. For their sake let the old favourites be heard; but for the sake of the contemporary composer and publisher, of the players, of the works themselves, and of listeners in general, let their performance be raised from the status of the standing dish to that of a rare and refreshing fruit. The way will then be clear for the building up of a new repertory of short works of the overture, curtain-raising type. The B.B.C. could, single-handed, do this in a few months; the public concert-giving bodies within a year. All that is needed is reasonable repetition of a few dozen works, new or almost new, that possess some of the qualities to which the stock examples owed their long innings—vitality, directness, humour, emotion, tunefulness, rhythmic life, and brevity. There is no lack of modern compositions that will pass the test: 'Portsmouth Point' comes to mind at once as a concert overture that is already staking a claim in this part of the repertory.

As with the single-movement work, so with the symphonies and (admittedly in a lesser degree) the concertos. It ought to be impossible to hear at Queen's Hall one of the most familiar of Beethoven's symphonies twice within a week: yet this happened recently. As the symphony occupied rather more than a third of the programme need anybody be surprised that the audience for the second concert was miserably small? Earlier in the season there were other instances of lack of co-ordination and enterprise. London has at present three first-class orchestras playing almost weekly, and the average attendance is far below their deserts. Bearing in mind that the concert-going public is small (you see many of the same faces at Queen's Hall almost every week) we may reasonably trace a connection between the unenterprising platform and the thin auditorium.

'But' (it is sometimes argued) 'audiences won't turn up to hear the new and unfamiliar'. The answer is that much depends on the method of presentation. Commonsense suggests—usually in vain—that a novelty may be made a safe proposition by including it in a programme side by side with a certain 'draw' in the shape of a famous soloist or a popular large-scale work. To put a 'first performance' in an otherwise humdrum scheme (or even in a good one that lacks a high light) is to turn a possible success into a probable failure.

Another essential is repetition: it is the second performance that counts, both for performers and hearers; a third is hardly less necessary, and such 'follow up' performances should be at not too long an interval after the first. I am probably only one of many who wish the B.B.C. would do more of this judicious repetition. There have lately been several broadcast first performances of important British chamber works (the Viola Sonata of Arthur Bliss is one). Absence from home prevented me from hearing them: how long must I wait for a second chance? And then for the third which will enable me to get on terms with them? Only the B.B.C. is in a position systematically to give new music a real chance of establishing itself.

Finally, there is need for clearing-house work between concert-givers (in order to avoid duplication of the type mentioned above) and for co-operation between composer, publisher and performer. By a coincidence, news comes to me, as I write, of a promising effort of the kind. The League of Arts has just made an arrangement with various publishers under which certain of the League programmes shall include recently-published chamber music by British composers, chosen after consultation between the parties concerned. Something of this sort ought to be done by every important concert-giving body; nothing can be said against it, for it is to the interest of both composer and publisher that the best works shall be brought forward. The musical profession and trade has for too long worked on the 'every one for himself' plan that might have served twenty years ago, but which will not enable us to solve the problems of today. There must be co-operation rather than rivalry.

I end with a personal note that the reader may apply to himself. My own appetite for old music is, I suppose, above the normal, but after a prolonged bout, either as player or teacher, I usually wind up with a twinge of conscience: what about the music of my fellow-workers? Listeners have a kindred responsibility. Music cannot live entirely on its past. If the creative side of the art is to have a future we must, even at some personal cost, see that it has a present.

HARVEY GRACE

*Rich and Cowan, 6s.

Vanishing England—VI

Public Opinion Must Be Organised

By HOWARD MARSHALL

Mr. Marshall sums up the impressions he has gained in his journeys through 'Vanishing England'

MY journeys have been mainly depressing: I have had to give you rather grim accounts of despoliation in various parts of the country—and from the letters which have reached me I can see that in so short a time I have only been able to scratch the surface of the trouble. From all corners of the British Isles reports of ugly and unnecessary development have reached me, and I have been most interested to note that my correspondents have ranged from workers in great industrial towns to country dwellers and people home from the Dominions. Even foreigners have asked me how it is that we are allowing so beautiful a country as England to be ruined and disfigured by indiscriminate building and the rest of the horrors with which many of us are so painfully familiar.

It is very encouraging to know that so many people feel deeply about the need for preserving the countryside, but I am worried by one class of correspondent. A number of letters argue that the countryside is not vanishing at all. 'Surely', one of them begins, 'you aren't serious? Why, from the windows of my house I look across miles of open country, and there is no likelihood of development. There are thousands of acres of England which will never be touched'. Now that, to my mind, is the ostrich attitude, and it is a very troublesome one—the head thrust in the sand so that danger cannot be seen. I can assure these correspondents that there is danger, and that the sooner they move away from their own front-door steps and look around them, the better it will be for all of us.

And this brings me to the first vitally important point. I think we may take it that those who don't agree that England is vanishing are very much in the minority; the rest of us know it only too well. It is useless to know it, though, and remain apathetic, and apathy is the one great stumbling-block to any constructive action for saving the countryside. There is no getting away from it: we are, as a nation, lamentably apathetic: we don't seem to realise, when we grumble about ugly petrol stations and advertisement hoardings, that the essential weapon for sweeping them away is an active public opinion. There are those who say that it is hopeless to expect public opinion to be active when there is no such thing as public taste, but I don't altogether agree with this. I do agree that it is extremely important that children should be educated wisely and that their appreciation of beauty should be stimulated so that future generations will not permit the barbarities which now appear in our fields and along our roads. This matter of education is obviously urgent. It is useless to try to impose standards from without by legislative restrictions: standards must come from within, from a sense of fitness for purpose. In the meanwhile I believe that a sufficiently large number of people do under-

stand the danger which threatens the countryside, do resent most bitterly the intrusion of cheap vulgarity into quiet and lovely places.

If this is so, public opinion must be organised: it must have an objective: each individual must know what he can do in the fight against unnecessary ugliness. May I, then, try to put before you the facts of the situation as I see them? I should like to

clarify the present position before I go on to discuss the need for more closely co-ordinated action in the future, though this need for co-ordinated action by the various authorities is to my mind one of the things which must predominate in any general survey.

First of all, then, let us realise that in the Town and Country Planning Act which came into force last April we have very wide powers. I say *we* have powers, and by this I mean that the local authorities have powers, but since we elect our local authorities, we must take a great deal of the responsibility. Now what exactly is the range of this Town and Country Planning Act? Well, it enables local authorities to say where houses may or may not be built: it enables them, moreover, to regulate the appearance of buildings, to plan industrial and residential areas, to prevent riband building. And there are other Acts which enable them to control the appearance of garages, to stop the indiscriminate plastering of advertisements over garages, to control the erection of advertisement hoardings—even to order their removal—to penalise the uprooting of wild flowers and the carelessness of the litter-fiend. You may argue that these Acts safeguard us effectively from future despoliation, but there I think you are wrong. These Acts could safeguard us in many ways, but the trouble is that there is all

the difference in the world between conferring powers upon local authorities and seeing those powers effectively put into practice. Some local authorities do realise the urgent need for immediate action: others, I am afraid, are apathetic or indifferent, and this apathy is a very real menace to the countryside.

The first thing we have to do, then, is to drive home the vital importance of planning the whole of the country: the powers are there, but at the present rate of progress it will be a very long time before they are effectively used. Actually when the Town and Country Planning Act came into force last year about a quarter of England and Wales was covered by resolutions to plan: it was calculated, incidentally, at the end of 1932 that if the rate of planning could be speeded up from two to ten times, even then it would be four hundred years before schemes covering the whole country were approved.

This, you will agree, is a very disturbing prospect: there doesn't seem to be much hope for England if the existing



WINSFORD, CHESHIRE

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By courtesy of the C.P.R.E. and 'The Times'

machinery for preserving it is so cumbrous and the will to operate that machinery so weak. But it need not take so long: with unremitting ministerial pressure the Town and Country Planning Act could be used to cover the whole country within the next five years.

Now before we go any further, what can the private individuals who care for the countryside do? To begin with we can make ourselves familiar with the broad outlines of the Town and Country Planning Act, and we can interest our friends in the subject. When we have done this, more and more people will begin to ask why the powers under the Act aren't being used. We shall, in fact, be stirring up public opinion, and this may be reflected when our local elections come along. We must, indeed, take an interest in our local authorities, for it is through them that we can preserve the countryside. The local authorities, in fact, must surely realise that they are on trial in this urgent matter of saving England from the despoiler: if they do not realise it, public opinion can bring the fact most effectively to their notice.

That is one way we can help, and a very important way it is. It may be, though, that it is difficult for the individual to act alone: then I would suggest that he should link up either with some local organisation or that he should form a group of like-minded people in his neighbourhood, and link up with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, for this is a national organisation. There are other societies doing excellent work. There is the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, for example, and you have all heard of the fine work of the National Trust; and there is the Scapa Society, which deals specifically with the control of outdoor advertising and other types of disfigurement. These bodies, and many others, are constituent members of the C.P.R.E., which thus co-ordinates the forces of those who are fighting for the countryside.

For the moment that is the best advice I can give to individual listeners, but on broader lines I would add that it is up to every one of us to keep thinking about this countryside of ours. It is so essential that a growing body of well-informed public opinion should support those in authority who are struggling against indifference and ignorance and prejudice. The Minister of Health, for instance, has powers which would enable him greatly to speed up the application of the Town and Country Planning Act; supposing, let us say, the local authorities, for one reason or another, do not plan, and so leave their area of

countryside at the mercy of the speculator and the hoarding-monger. If the local authorities default in this way, the Minister can impose his own plans upon them, and it is only reasonable to suggest that he would be far more willing to do this if he were convinced that public opinion was solidly behind him.

Further than that, it is necessary that the full purpose and scope of town and country planning should be generally understood. It is important, I think, that we should all of us grow accustomed to the idea of ordered planning as part of the national economy, and it is here that we have the most effective answer to those who accuse us—and it is an accusation we have to face—of empty sentimentality when we talk of preserving the countryside.

I have had a number of letters which point out that I am merely kicking against the pricks, since there must be expansion, there must be road and transport development, and that my protests against ugliness are simply the despairing cries of the old order against the new. I am afraid those correspondents have entirely missed the point of my talks. I daresay I am to blame for not making myself clearer, though I hope it has been fairly obvious that I have been protesting, not against modern trends in architecture or modern developments in transport, but against unnecessary ugliness, against the random, indiscriminate disfigurement which results partly from thoughtlessness and partly from financial greed.

I wish, though, that those who think otherwise would take stock of the position for themselves. They will find that from a practical point of view the arguments for planning are overwhelming. They will find, for example, that it does not pay to waste the real wealth which lies in agricultural land by sterilising it for the sake of cheap building development. They will find, too, that we are only at the beginning of an era in which foolish extravagance must be checked by planning on a large scale, planning in which town and country planning is not the whole, but an integral part. At present we go to work in bits and pieces; our various authorities—transport, water-supply, electricity, forestry—work in their own departments without real co-operation, and the results are overlapping and waste and delay and extravagance. When we consider the preservation of our countryside, then we touch upon something much larger; a practical need of our time, which is only just beginning to be understood. You and I have one immediate object before us—the defence of England's beauty.

The Countryman's Chamber of Horrors—III



The blight of litter—a bad example on Box Hill

By courtesy of the National Trust

Art

The Origins of Geometric Art

II—The Psychological Necessity

IN a previous article on this subject* I maintained the relevance of primitive types of geometric art, especially the art of the New Stone Age, in a consideration of the origins of geometric art in general. I want now to enquire into the psychological motives behind such a phenomenon.

Some people deny that there is anything very mysterious about its origins. When man first made useful things—tools and vessels—he made them by hand out of natural materials; his vessels, for example, might be made out of skins, shaped and sewn together, or out of woven rushes and osiers. The various stitches and plaits of such vessels were then imitated on vessels of clay. Actually baskets, nets, and sewn skins were probably used as moulds for pottery, and the accidental marks left by such moulds were developed for decorative reasons, and continued to be used as decorative motives when moulds were no longer necessary. What is perhaps of most significance from a psychological point of view is the fact that primitive man could not endure a blank surface.

There is obviously some connection between geometric art and technique, but I doubt whether a materialistic explanation exhausts its significance or explains its persistence over immense periods of time. Geometric art, in short, would not have originated and persisted without a will directed to that end. The interesting question is not so much how a geometric art came into existence, but why. One possible view is, that it is not a question of will at all, but of lack of will. This lack of will is shown, not only by a passive and persistent contentment with accidental forms of decoration, but also by the way in which naturalistic motives are gradually transformed into geometric patterns. In particular cases it is easy to trace such

an evolution. There is a type of pot from Susa, for example, which is decorated at one stage with a motive recognisably an ibex or goat. This motive is gradually modified; the horns of the animal become a detached circle, the body a rectangle, and the whole a geometric design in which, but for the intermediate

stages, it would be impossible to recognise the original motive (see illustration on next page). As an explanation it is usually suggested that in such a case the artist becomes so slick in his work that he tends to repeat his designs without much thought for their accuracy. His designs are then copied by other artists and further distorted, and we may reach a stage at which the craftsman is reproducing a motive of which he no longer knows the significance. It is also suggested that in some cases the craftsman wished deliberately to disguise the significance of what he was drawing, lest he should offend some unfriendly spirit. But in that case why bother with the giddy goat, when a few meaningless scratches would fill the empty space? A process of transformation, due to slurring, undoubtedly accounts for many geometric patterns, but only such as co-exist with naturalistic designs. It does not account for all geometric patterns, for no amount of ingenuity can interpret the majority of them as slurred naturalistic representations.

We ought perhaps to distinguish between two distinct types of geometric art, with different psychological motives. The simplest type is determined by *horror vacui*, the desire to fill an empty space, which seems to be one of the permanent characteristics of man's psychology (it is this deep-seated prejudice which modern architecture is fighting against). We have an inborn desire, when making something, to break the



Poster designed for the Underground by E. McKnight Kauffer showing the geometricisation of human figures

By courtesy of the London Passenger Transport Board

*THE LISTENER, 25 October, 1933

blank surface of the object with some kind of ornament. The natural kind of ornament is one that arises in the process of manufacture—some development, for example, of the marks left by the flaking of stone, the adzing of wood, the weaving of coarse fabrics. Such art is strictly speaking non-æsthetic because it does not call for that disinterested contemplation which is said to be essential to æsthetic experience; it merely fulfils a *necessary* psychological function. I am not sure that I accept the definition of art here implied, but it is a useful hypothesis for our present argument. For admitting that this first type of geometric art is of a non-contemplative, non-emotional kind, it is then easy to distinguish a kind (represented, for example, by the Congo mask and the Celtic manuscript illustrated in my previous article, and by the pots from Susa and the modern poster accompanying this article), which has a very definite æsthetic value. In this type of geometric art the will is directed to a definite purpose, and the design is no mere filling-in of an empty space, but a composition which can be, and was intended to be, contemplated disinterestedly. The poster has, of course, an extra-æsthetic,



Two jars from Susa, showing geometricised animals—long-necked birds, and goats whose horns make circles and ellipses

From 'Manuel d'Archéologie Orientale' by Dr. G. Contenau (Editions Auguste Picard, Paris)

even a utilitarian aim; my point would have been illustrated more exactly by a cubist painting, but I select a form of geometric art which has a proved popular appeal.

It is true that we have to distinguish again between what we might call pure æsthetic disinterestedness (the modern civilised man's attitude, say, to a Congo dance-mask) and the symbolic significance

which such contemplation may have. The dilettante sees in the geometric ornament of savage races certain qualities of line and form which appeal to his æsthetic sensibility. I



Blanket of the Tlingit tribe of American Indians
From 'Die Kunst der Naturvölker und der Vorzeit' (Propyläen-verlag, Berlin)

believe that the savage is moved, however much less consciously, by the same qualities (it is proved by the fact that the artist is a man of rare capacities and is recognised as such even among savages); but he subordinates these qualities to the symbolic significance of the work of art (just as the Byzantine or even the Gothic artist did). He is not creating a work of art directly from visual memory, or directly relying on visual sensibility. He is representing an idea by visible plastic means. His cult or religion requires an idol, a mask, a totem—something not naturalistic but symbolic. If, further, his religion is of the type we call animistic, seeing spirits and personalities in natural phenomena, then in fear of such forces he will try to deceive them in his naive way—to create a substitute for reality, to evade actuality. For this reason he distorts his representation, but being an instinctive artist, he distorts in the interests of rhythm, symmetry and vitality. From such a profound psychological need this second type of geometric art arises. It may be left to the reader to consider how far modern man has psychological needs of a similar nature, for which expression is found in the various types of modern geometric art.

HERBERT READ

News in the Making

Locating an Earthquake

Broadcast on November 21.

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO GO UP TO BED last night the earthquake bell in my hall rang, and so I knew that an earthquake was occurring in some part of the world. The earthquake sounds have waves which disturb the instrument and make an electric contact which rings the bell. The instrument itself, of course, is down below in the ground, not, as you might think, because it gets the shocks better there, but because it is the place which is most free from vibrations and movement due to the bending of the house. You would be surprised how much a house does bend: for instance, my instrument would record a man walking from room to room, and would ring the bell besides recording it on the graph. So you can understand why I have to take it down well away from the fabric of the house. When the bell rang, at 11.28, I switched it off, and immediately went down to the instrument in the cellar to examine the cause, and found it was a very severe earthquake just beginning. Strictly speaking, the earthquake itself had actually begun 5 minutes 45 seconds earlier, which was the time it took for the first wave to get to West Bromwich.

Five and a half minutes after the arrival of the first wave—which we call the primary wave—another type of wave arrived, which is called a secondary wave; and from the difference in time between the arrival of these two waves, we are able to calculate the distance of the shock. I knew it was a big shock because the primary wave was so much larger than usual. That was confirmed by the arrival of the third type of wave, which goes round the surface of the earth. This third wave is always the largest, and by 11.40 the pointers on my instrument were swinging to and from ten inches. An ordinary small earthquake is only about half an inch or an inch. The first movement gives an indication of the direction. There are two pendulums at right angles to each other—one pointing north-south, and the other east-west, and according to the kind of movement shown

on each we can tell the direction from which the shock has come. I saw at once that this was along a line 80 degrees north-south. Unfortunately some earthquake shocks push and others pull, and it was difficult to know whether it was a push from the south-east or a pull from the north-west. As I said above, it is the time between the primary and the secondary waves which are measured on the records, which gives us the distance. In this particular case it was 2,380 miles, and the question arose as to whether this was 2,380 miles to the north-west or to the south-east. A north-west direction would put us just on the far side of Greenland, an area from which I have never in my 25 years' experience known an earthquake shock to come. So I looked south-east and found that just a little to the east of the Black Sea was a locality where severe earthquakes are commonly happening. Hence I had my choice of a place where I had never known an earthquake to occur, or an alternative place where they are common. Naturally I put my money on the Black Sea at once, and informed the Press that I thought that was where it had occurred.

This morning, however, I got news from Victoria, B.C., saying that they had recorded a shock, and that it occurred 2,300 miles from them, probably in Mexico, a choice evidently made on the same lines as mine—that earthquakes are much more probable in Mexico than in the Arctic. The next thing was a message by telephone from Australia. I won't trouble you with all the details, but from the information I saw that the earthquake must have been 9,000 miles from them. Now, if we take a point which is 2,300 miles from Victoria, 2,380 miles from West Bromwich, and 9,000 miles from Sydney, there is only one possible place which will fit this, and that is in Baffin Bay, to the west of Greenland, just about exactly on the north-west line where my instrument showed we could expect it.

J. J. SHAW

*The Modern Columbus—VI**Los Angeles and San Francisco*

By S. P. B. MAIS

SEEING Hollywood has entirely revolutionised my notion of film stars. They are devastatingly serious-minded. The studio where they work is just like an aeroplane hangar—a huge draughty shed full of bits and pieces which I kept falling over, arc lights, rubber pipes, sliding cameras, sets of scenery; men in shirt-sleeves with cigars, sawing wood; men in shirt-sleeves with cigars giving quite incomprehensible instructions to other men in shirt-sleeves smoking cigars. I heard one man ordering fifteen pairs of men's socks—'the cheapest you can find'. There were elderly women in pince-nez hammering typewriters; there were young girls in shorts hammering out new dance steps; and saxophonists hammering out rhythm; men in evening dress reading evening papers, and groups of men with Homburgs pushed far back on their heads and cigars pushed into their mouths gesticulating feverishly, or just moving up and down wrapped in thought like Hamlet.

And then, after an astonishing lapse of time, during which nothing seemed to be being done, there came a sudden shout of 'Quiet, please!'—and that was repeated about eight times: and the hubbub slowly died, and I discovered to my astonishment that out of chaos order had evolved, out of the hotch-potch a scene had been built, and there was a real live actor who had come out of the shadows into the spotlights, and that an act was being 'shot'. I saw Francis Lederer looking into a mirror in Alaska, and Katherine Hepburn folding some linen in a cotton picker's house, perhaps in Texas; and the thing which struck me about both of them was not so much their genius as their patience. This film business is exactly like American football—enormous periods of rest and preparation punctuated by whole bursts of furious play lasting for just a few seconds. Again and again I watched these artists enact the same scene, lasting about twenty-five seconds, until I thought that all emotion must have been drained out of them: but in reality they were just giving another proof of Los Angeles' habit of achieving perfection by attention to detail.

Shunning and Courting Publicity

When work is over these artists retire as quickly as they can to their quiet country homes in the seclusion of Beverley Hills: some of them are so secluded that nobody is allowed to know where they live. People are willing to pay vast sums for Marlene Dietrich's telephone number, but it is not to be bought; while as for her home, I found no one who knew where it was. I was shown the drive gates leading to Harold Lloyd's mansion in the woods; I saw the chimneys of Charlie Chaplin's cottage—or it may have been the Fairbanks'—far away up on the mountain side. I was shown the initials of Tom Mix emblazoned on his flagstaff, and the green lawns of Gloria Swanson. But their homes were as aloof as a Highland shooting lodge, and wore the same air of detached dignity. Mae West appears to be the only one who lives among mortals—she actually lodges in an apartment house on a main boulevard. The lesser tribe condescend occasionally to lunch in public places, but only the failures come out right into the public gaze. I was shown the huge sign of iron letters on the mountain side—'Hollywood

Heights'—from the initial H of which the rejected hurl themselves to death in a final and successful effort to secure world recognition, if only for the space of an evening edition.

Piercing Through a Billion Light-Years

But Los Angeles has produced something far more glamorous, far more romantic, more far-reaching in its effect on humanity, than the motion pictures. This is 'Caltex'—a diminutive form of endearment for the California Institute of Technology. You have probably heard of the largest telescope in the world with a

hundred-inch mirror, which stands at the top of Mount Wilson. Well, at the foot of Mount Wilson, Dr. Millikan, the Nobel prizewinner, showed me in 'Caltex' a model of the new telescope, which is to have a mirror of 200 inches diameter and will enable us to see a billion light-years away. He showed me the hall in which it is being constructed—large enough to hold a Zeppelin—and he told me that it had to be accurate at every point of its surface to one two-millionth part of an inch. Well, with this instrument man will do more than 'call spirits from the vasty deep'—he will be bringing entirely fresh systems of planetary knowledge within our ken. It may be that the bridge to the stars is even now being built in Los Angeles. It was a breathtaking experience for me to be taken round by Dr. Millikan in the Hall of Aerodynamics. He showed me the experiments in air-resistance which are going on to increase the speed of aeroplanes to Schneider Cup rates; he showed me the X-ray experiment which has increased our power of combatting tumours by 50 per cent. And he showed me his own grand experiment—a photograph of the splitting of the nucleus of an atom by the impact of a cosmic ray giving out a billion volts of energy which can be measured by the curvature of the path of the electron after impact. I wish you could have seen his eyes, as he banged one fist against another to express his admiration of the benefits given up by this command of the electron. If you want perfection in modern scientific achievement you must pay a visit to 'Caltex' and Dr. Millikan.

The grand thing is that this scientific achievement is closely linked up with humanity. While I was still gasping at the wonders of 'Caltex', Dr. Millikan led me through the college, where 160 undergraduates live in four houses built in the most happy Spanish style round sunny patios, with gargoyles of American footballers, and all sorts of other excellent architectural experiments. From there he took me to the Huntington Library, another supreme example of Los Angeles thoroughness. Here I wandered over green lawns and on beds of roses, through gardens crowded with all the known varieties of cacti, to Mr. Huntington's glittering white Georgian house, and there, to my surprise, I found myself gazing at some of the loveliest art treasures that England has produced. Here hangs Gainsborough's pensive Blue Boy, the folds of whose silk tunic seem to be even more alive in this Californian sun than they ever were at home; here is Romney's Lady Hamilton roguishly peeping out under her bonnet at the artist who so madly and so vainly loved her. Here is Lawrence's 'Pinkie', that delightful small girl in a long white gown, with the sparkling eyes: here are



Model of the proposed 200-in. telescope, which, if perfected, will enable astronomers to peer four times further into space than is possible with the world's largest existing telescope

hosts of Reynolds', from Sarah Siddons and the Duchess of Devonshire to that superb example of English beauty, the lovely Lady Harrington, the sight of whose face might well have 'launched a thousand ships' and certainly must cause a pang of misgiving to the most beautiful of film stars. Here is a beauty that, even in this age when faces can be lifted to any shape, has so far not reached Hollywood. I am glad these pictures are where they are—they are nobly housed, they are free for anyone to see, and they give Americans proof that we, too, have beauty and a sense of art.

But there are three aspects of loveliness in Mr. Huntingdon's collection. In addition to the loveliness of his garden, and the loveliness of his pictures, there is the loveliness of his books. I spent the greater part of a day in his library turning over the pages of the Ellesmere Chaucer—a privilege I sought in vain at home—in looking at four first-folio Shakespeares, the actual manuscript of 'Piers Plowman', Mary Godwin's own copy of Shelley, with her heart's confession pencilled in the book, the signatures of the early English Kings, and the Battle Abbey Roll. These priceless editions, the very cream of our literature, are at the command of the research students; you must agree that Mr. Huntingdon has performed a lasting service to the English-speaking world in general in collecting them and in making this exhibition. And not only that, but they are being preserved by the best means known to science in air-conditioned archives free from insects, and X-rayed for palimpsests.

This Huntingdon influence seems to have spread like a prairie fire. I visited in Los Angeles many private homes of beautiful design and most beautifully furnished—as are all American houses and hotels for that matter—like that of Paul Jordan Smith; and in the home of Dr. Crummer, I found a set of Dickens in parts, and also a first edition of *The Tale of a Tub* annotated by Thomas Swift—which looks perhaps as though Jonathan didn't write it after all. And in the home of my host, Mr. Carl Hammlin, I found not only an enthusiasm for literature, but a generosity which doesn't always go with it, for in his anxiety that I should appreciate what young America is doing, he insisted that I should accept his own first edition of the poet Robinson Jeffers. They carry generosity over here to an extent which simply baffles me.

'The Most Tolerant City in the World'

If in Los Angeles I was surprised by its serious-mindedness, in San Francisco I was staggered by the resemblance to England. That may have been due to the fact that I arrived in a fog—a white sea fog—which made the harbour look exactly like Plymouth Sound. The shops of San Francisco are just like London shops; the ferry to Oakland is exactly like the Mersey Ferry at Birkenhead, and just as busy—47 million people cross this bay every year. The people dress as we dress, too; the west wind blowing in from the Pacific is exactly like the west wind from the Atlantic at Land's End; and the Golden Gate reminds me of the north end of the Mull looking towards Ardnamurchan. The streets are full of flower stalls. There are chrysanthemums, daisies and dandelions, as well as gorse bushes; and in the Golden Gate Park there is a garden with all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare. And the people here actually walk. They walk as we walk—fast. In fact, they hike over the mountains during the week-ends; and they get good practice in mountain climbing in negotiating their streets, which are as steep as those of Bath or Buxton or Matlock, and they are easier to ski on than to walk on—in fact shoes have to be worn half a size larger here in order to cope with the gradient, which averages about, I should think, one in three. You cannot pretend to know what the word 'thrill' means until you have taken a ride in a San Francisco street cable car. They take their corners like a Derby winner going round Tattenham Corner, and I have yet to discover the secret of how to remain on the car without embracing somebody or something. As a final example of their Englishry, they dress for dinner, dance every night, and play cricket, rugger, and bowls.

The hotel in which I am staying is only distinguishable from the Savoy in that it is perched on the crest of a hill, so high and so steep that from my window the sky-scrapers below look like shards sticking up out of a broken bowl. But it will be just as true to say that San Francisco is very American. Mill Street is just like Broadway, or like China—Chinatown is completely oriental—or just like Russia, just like France, just like Japan, just like Italy; every nation seems to have its own quarter here. San Francisco must be the most tolerant city in the world. It opened its arms to the world during the gold rush of 1849, and it continues to welcome the whole world with open arms now that the world has gone running away from gold. Here there is endless glamour and romance, as probably you already know from Robert Louis Stevenson, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, and Bret Harte. To me San Francisco will be always first and foremost the most enchanting port of the world. Clipper ships for China, liners for Tahiti in the South Seas—there are seventy million square miles of the Pacific here, and every one is charged with mystery and magic. I think I am happiest in this city just wandering along the water-front with its forty-three piers and seventeen miles of berthing space, watching the Hawaiian ships

slip silently from their moorings, and the tiny fishing boats, painted blue to gain the blessing of the Blessed Virgin Mary, darting in and out with their loads of lobsters.

San Francisco is a city of pluck and ferment—it knows how to be frivolous gracefully, and it knows how to be beautiful always. But it by no means confines itself to the fantastic or the frivolous. It may seem at first a little fantastic to play cricket close to a field of bison, or to be eating strawberries in November, or to watch a Chinaman carrying a basket of live wild-cats: but there is nothing fantastic about the Greek Theatre, or the beautiful Opera House at San Francisco, nor is there anything frivolous about its Civic Centre which is as substantial as the Capitol at Washington. In spite of earthquakes San Francisco is a most substantial city—she is built to last, but she still has mystery. Behind the unpretentious frame houses, under the gold-leaved pagoda, and in the glittering modern handsome Spanish adobe houses, live a very lively heterogeneous people, a fascinating people. I have never seen a city where the doors betray so little of what goes on inside, or a place where I itched to enter so many doors. In my dreams I am always passing through the golden gates of Damascus that lead to Samarkand, but the Golden Gate that leads to San Francisco also brims over with mystery, beauty and romance, whether you see the city as I saw her last night, unveiling her million twinkling lights to the stars, or, as I see her today, half shrouded in a pale grey sea-mist, with Goat Island peeping out of her blanket of fog, and sky-scrapers fumbling their way through to the sky; and the million sirens of the ships in the bay heralding their unseen passing is a music that falls most sweetly on an English ear.

Films Worth Seeing

Mr. Oliver Baldwin, in his talk on November 23, recommended the following pictures:

KILLERS OF THE DEEP (American), 'is the pictorial record, with good explanation, of an underwater search for buried treasure. Before we get to the under-water part, we witness Tuna fishing, struggles with man-eating sharks, hammer-headed sharks (who are surely the strangest looking fish in the world), and the giant Manta ray, who is perhaps the deadliest of all marine monsters. We then see the crew of the treasure-hunting ship going after seal, and this part I did not care about; for I do not see anything clever or brave or sensible in lassoing a mother seal and leaving the babies to their fate, especially when the narrator has just told us in a bland sort of way that if the mother dies before she has taught her babies to swim, they die too. . . . Next, we see the crew killing porpoise, which is considered to be bad luck, as the porpoise is always looked upon by mariners as man's friend; and the catching of a ferocious looking swordfish. The under-water camera next comes into use, and we see native divers searching for pearl-oysters on the bottom of the sea. The great thrill is left to the end, and that is when bad luck resulting from having killed the porpoise descends on the diver, who is slain under-water by a giant octopus. This is guaranteed to be a true record, but we do not see the actual killing because it was out of range of the camera: all we see is the diver's leaden shoe after the tragedy. It is certainly a dramatic film, but it shows criminal negligence not to have sent the diver down in such a sea with a telephone so that he could keep up a conversation with the crew in the boat to show all was well'.

DON QUIXOTE (United Artists), directed by Pabst. 'This picture, which was shot in Nice and in the country behind Cannes, could, and should have been, magnificent, but it is not. It possesses some of the finest photography I have ever seen—and that was by Nicholas Farkas—but Pabst's treatment is a great disappointment. Scenes here and there, little groupings and mass movements in this film may, perhaps, never be forgotten: they are so striking; but the treatment of the story and the inaudibility of the great Chaliapine, as Don Quixote himself, is exasperating. . . . George Robey plays Sancho Panza, and plays it very well, but the scenario is unkind to him as it is to the rest of the cast. I understand that there was a great deal of trouble in the making of this picture owing to finance and one thing and another, and it looks to me as if Pabst decided to rush the whole thing on cheaper lines at the last minute. It is a great pity; but it leaves the glorious story free for an enterprising English director to take the theme in hand and let us have a really good film about the old Spaniard who tried to bring romance back to an age which he considered was deficient in chivalry'.

LIFE IN THE RAW (American). 'One of Zane Grey's wild west stories, starring George O'Brien, Greta Nissen, and a newcomer whom you will all like, called Claire Trevor. Louis King directs, and we are treated to galloping horses, sheriff's riders, murder in the desert, wrongful arrest, robbery, and what you will. . . . You will enjoy this picture: it is great fun and full of thrills'.

SPIES AT WORK (German), now showing in London. 'A thrilling picture, and by no means overdrawn. It deals with the Austro-Italian front in the last war'.

*Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow—VIII**The South-Eastern Counties*

By Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON

MY tour of the South-Eastern counties was unfortunately rather a hurried affair. But having missed the hop-picking season in Kent, I was anxious to be there at the next best time, namely, during the apple harvest, even though I had no more than two days and a half to get from Oxford to Romney and back, seeing what I could upon the way.

First let me say something about the Reading district. More than anything it is noteworthy for the highly advanced state of its milk industry. No other area in this country produces so big a proportion of the special grades of milk—Certified and Grade A Tuberculin-tested. The explanation, I have no doubt, is to be found in the local influence of the National Institute for Research in Dairying, at Shinfield, on the outskirts of the town. In particular it is due to the work of the late Dr. Stenhouse Williams, who directed the Institute for many years. Under him a great work was done for the improvement of the nation's milk supply. The chief problems of milk production fall under three heads. First are those concerned with the cheapening of production—by better breeding, and by more skilful and scientific feeding, to make the cow a more efficient servant. Then there is the aspect of the nutritive value of milk—its cream content and its vitamins, for example. And thirdly, there is the big question of the relation of the milk supply to public health.

To this last question our section of the British Association devoted a long session at this year's meeting at Leicester. Of course, one is bound to admit that the drinking of a glass of ordinary milk exposes the consumer to a certain amount of risk. But one cannot do much in this life without running some risk, and we must try to think of these things with a proper sense of proportion. For instance, I believe it can be proved statistically that it is much more dangerous to go for a motor drive in the country, or to cross the average street, than to drink milk. But that doesn't absolve us from the duty of making milk as safe as is humanly possible.

The difficulty is to decide which of two possible ways is likely, in the long run, to turn out the better. On the one hand you may take almost any milk—so long as it is not grossly contaminated—and apply to it an artificial process whereby

you kill all the disease-producing germs that are at all likely to have got in. The process is, of course, a heating process—pasteurisation. It may indeed, if it is carried out without proper care, be ineffective. It is by no means foolproof. But it is the one view that the quickest and most practicable way to ensure the safety of the mass of milk consumers is along this line. Pasteurisation of all but the highest grades of milk would be made compulsory; inspectors would see that it was properly carried out; and our vets. and sanitary inspectors would then be able to concentrate their energies on the few producers of the special grades, and on the other few who were not using ordinary and reasonable care in their cowsheds.

The other way is to try to avoid contamination from the outset—to watch and test the cattle for any sign of disease; to whitewash the cowsheds, sterilise the pails, and to take all those other measures that the Reading institute has taught us; and to carry on without pasteurising. Now along these last lines there has been an immense amount of progress. Nearly every county has been running its 'clean milk' competition, and farmers have been competing in great numbers. The new Milk Board is going to reward, with a premium, the dairyman who produces the good article. There is no doubt that great headway is being made. And I can't get away from the feeling that we shall have a setback if compulsory pasteurisation comes in. Nevertheless, practically every expert who spoke at Leicester was on the side of the pasteuriser. We could not pretend to have surveyed Rural Britain without at least a bare mention of Reading University, because it gives to rural affairs a bigger share of its activities than any other university in the country. Besides the usual degree in agriculture, Reading also offers full degree courses in dairying and in horticulture.

My first real halt I made at East Malling, in Kent, not far from Maidstone. Here on this belt of kindly greensand is what still deserves to be called—in spite of Evesham and Wisbech—the garden of England. Very few of the ordinary farm crops are to be seen, but apple and cherry orchards, hop gardens, strawberry patches and masses of all kinds of vegetables. I first called at the Ditton Laboratory. This has been built to carry out mass experiments on the storage of



Two adjacent trees of Bramley's Seedling Apple at ten years, showing how it is possible, through selection of root-stock, to obtain trees controlled as to size and cropping potentialities

Grafted on Layered Tree Stock No. XII, these trees require planting 40 feet apart. In the ten years they have yielded 4½ bushels of fruit per acre

Grafted on Jaune de Metz Paradise No. IX, they can be planted as close as 12 feet apart. During the ten years they have yielded 536 bushels of fruit per acre

Copyright: East Malling Research Station

fruit, mainly for the service of the colonial fruit trade. The main store reproduces the hold of a ship. I was let down into it through a hatchway, and saw the cases of Bramley apples being piled in place. Outside the hull is a small enclosed space, whose temperature is under control, so that you may sail your ship, if you like, through tropical seas to the Antarctic and back again. Outside is a great bag-o'-tricks of thermometers and things by which everything that happens inside the hold may be completely recorded. And when your ship is safe in port, you unpack all the boxes of apples to see how the fruit has stood the voyage.

At the East Malling Research Station itself there are so many things happening that it is hard to know what to single out. I suppose a good many of you know the story of the fruit-tree root-stocks; but I must talk about it a little. You know that most fruit trees—with a few exceptions like the Pershore plum—are made by a kind of surgical operation. You take some kind of wild sapling—like a crab apple—and cut off its head. Then you bud or graft on the particular kind of apple that you want to grow. Now a Cox's orange apple is always a Cox's orange, whatever sort of root-stock the scion has been put on; but the average size may be bigger or less, the colour bright or middling or rather muddy—depending on the particular variety of root-stock. Moreover, when you come to joining up different species—as, for instance, a peach on a plum stock—the success of your surgery may vary very much according to the variety of plum that you have used. Sometimes the thing will not go at all. Sometimes you get a successful union only in a minority of cases. Worst of all, it sometimes happens that everything appears to go well and you plant your trees in an orchard, and then years afterwards, when your trees are big and bearing, comes a storm, and the trees break off at the old point of union.

There was another trouble about this grafting business before Dr. Hatton and his staff got to work—namely, that you never could predict how a particular tree was going to behave. You might want a big standard tree, and find that the thing you had made insisted on remaining a dwarf. Or *vice versa*. I have a Bramley apple tree in my backyard which seems to have been planted twenty-five years ago. It was obviously intended to be a bush, and it is, quite as obviously, determined to grow as big as an oak. I can't let it grow any bigger. It is already like a cuckoo in my nest. So every year my harvest from it consists of half a cartload of wood and a small basket of fruit. Nowadays, however, if you want a little bush tree, which will get down to business from the start, you bud on East Malling No. IX stock. Or if, on the other hand, you want a big orchard tree from which your grandson may pick the apples, then you choose No. XII instead. And if you want to eat your cake and have it—why, that is quite easily arranged. You merely plant the big standard trees at wide intervals, and fill up between with quick-bearing, short-lived dwarfs. The latter are removed when the big trees are ready to fill up the ground and come into full profit. When East Malling began this work the kinds of apple-tree stocks were innumerable and all mixed up. Mr. Hatton and his people tested out and sorted out a lot, and selected seventeen of the best; and of these only about half-a-dozen are required to produce the various sorts of trees that are in general demand.

The troubles of the small-fruit grower have also had attention. The biggest of these has been the 'degeneration' of the strains. Somebody, for instance, produces a new seedling strawberry like 'Royal Sovereign', or a new raspberry like 'Lloyd George'. At first it is quite marvellous—lives up to its name almost; and then it begins to peter out. An increasing proportion of the plants get weak and unhealthy—'miffy', as the gardener says. When this has happened in the past somebody has managed to turn out a new variety and the old one has just died in peace. Various explanations have been given. Some have thought that a plant which is divided and redivided (instead of being grown from seed) eventually gets senile, and would perhaps ultimately die of old age. Other people have had theories about planting big potatoes instead of small, or taking off only the first big potatoes instead of small, or taking off only the first runners from young strawberry plants. But it now seems that the so-called degeneration is just a question of disease—mostly of diseases caused by the rather obscure things that are called viruses. And all that is necessary in order to maintain the health and vigour of a stock is to guard it carefully against infection. East Malling is, therefore, working hard to collect virus-free plants of all the important varieties and to keep them, under hospital conditions, for the supply of the commercial growers.

I'm afraid I haven't time to talk about breeding walnut trees, or about Mr. Massie's ten-round contest with the strawberry Tarsonemid Mite, or a great many more fascinating things. But I must mention Mr. Hatton's idea of a fruit soil survey, which is meantime held up for want of money. Mr. Hatton is convinced that a great many expensive mistakes are being made in the planting of fruit—in fact, that trees are being put in on quite unsuitable land, while other good land is lying in third-rate grass. Indeed, he has shown, on a place in Sussex, that splendid dessert apples, mainly Cox, can be grown on a heavy Weald clay that was nearly worthless and derelict when he started. It costs

a lot of money to bring an apple orchard into bearing—something like two hundred pounds an acre, I'm told—and if the money is spent where it can never bring a return—well, it's a pity, isn't it?

In the afternoon I had a look at the place of a big apple grower, where by much the most interesting thing was the new method of long period storage. The apples are wrapped in grease-proof paper and packed in ordinary boxes. The boxes are then placed in an air-tight store-room, the walls being coated with vaseline to prevent leakage. The temperature is then brought down to about 40 degrees—that is within 8 degrees of freezing point, and the composition of the air is controlled by the occasional use of fans. The apples, of course, breathe, and the idea is to keep them partially suffocated in their own breath. In other words, the carbonic acid gas is allowed to accumulate until it is about seven per cent. of the air instead of a fraction of a thousandth part. And the result is that the apples can be kept in perfectly fresh condition for six months or longer.

This invention is, of course, raising fresh problems. Do you remember, when our home apples were practically finished by February, how nice it was to get a Tasmanian Newtown in June? And then, when those had been finished by July, how nice it was to turn to our own Lady Sudeleys and Early Victorias about August? This year the Australian and New Zealand crop wasn't half eaten when our own early sorts came on the market. In fact, good Australian apples were selling at a shilling or so the case in September; they were still in the shops in the end of October. And the result was that our own small growers, who have no storage facilities, met a wretched trade. It almost seems that we shall have to devise a time-quota as well as a weight-quota for the different apple crops. There will have to be some kind of a close season, otherwise we shall be treading on Australia's heels, and they on ours, all the time.

The hop industry must be counted among those that have been set on their legs by a new marketing scheme; of which, however, it must be said that there are a few bitter critics. Let me try to summarise the story. There was, before, a very strong and for a time very successful scheme of co-operation for the marketing of hops. Ninety per cent. of the growers joined. But the ten per cent. who didn't were quite enough to smash the whole show; which they did. The result was that for several years hops that had cost £8, £10 and £12 a hundredweight to grow were being sold for prices like 35s. Of course, the thing was ruinous, and some people, about 1930 and 1931, grubbed up their hops and turned for the meantime to something else. Now the growers have formed a new marketing scheme. It is compulsory. Nobody may stay outside it. And each producer is limited to a certain acreage, which is that actually grown by him in 1931. If it happened that you had no hops that year you cannot grow hops again. How would you feel—supposing you had good hop land and a couple of thousand pounds' worth of kilns standing idle? I suppose if you were a very philosophical person you would say that you had backed the wrong horse; but that if you were not a very philosophical person you would say a good many other things.

At Ashford are the headquarters of another co-operative association—a voluntary one, on the old lines—for the marketing of Kent wool. It has often been said that the British farmers' troubles are largely due to the fact that they won't co-operate; and it has often been answered that where the small producer has a small consumer at his door all the complex machinery of co-operative marketing is a waste of money and energy—at any rate that the standard methods of overseas co-operation would be quite inappropriate. But with wool the case is altered. There are virtually no small consumers. The buyer is a big firm who wants big lots of carefully sorted and graded stuff. So the farmers, not only in Kent but in Yorkshire and Scotland and many other places, have formed wool-marketing associations which are doing excellently. The farmer simply sends in his clip to the depot, where it is divided by an expert into its various classes. The association sells the wool in bulk to the manufacturer—and both parties get the better of the bargain. These associations are doing good work, but we must not think that they are the way to complete salvation of the industry. For instance, one farmer told me last year that the society had made the difference to him that he had got fivepence-farthing for his wool instead of fivepence. But tenpence would have been more like a normal price.

I crossed over a corner of the Weald to get to Romney Marsh—rather an ordinary grass country after the exciting farming of Maidstone. Have you ever gone to a place for the first time and found everything just as you had pictured it—so exactly what you expected that you began to distrust your memory, or think about dreams, or previous existence? That was my experience of Romney Marsh, and it was a little uncanny. In one sense I needn't have gone, because I could have told you all about it without looking at it through my own eyes. And yet it is comforting to think that sometimes one can form a right mental picture at second-hand. Of course, there's some perfectly ordinary explanation; it must just be that some writer has succeeded, beyond the ordinary, in seeing and describing. The Marsh is a stretch of almost perfectly flat land extending to over forty



A Kentish hopfield in the height of the picking season

thousand acres. Harris, in his old *History of Kent*, says: 'It was the first land that was "inned" or gained from the sea in Britain. For the lawes statutes and ordinances for the conservation of the Marsh are without any known original. . . . In the thirty-fifth year of Henry the Third they are called Ancient and Approved Customs'.

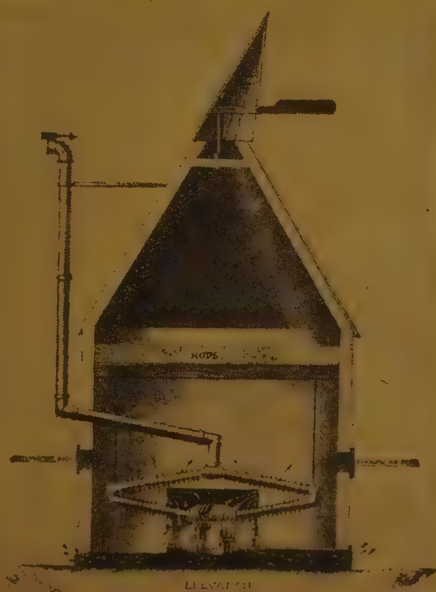
The Marsh is famous for its rich sheep grazings. Indeed, if you look at page 23 of the *Agricultural Atlas*, you will see that it is, as regards sheep, incomparably the most densely populated part of this country. But the land is by no means all of a kind. There is some arable; some poor rushy pasture that isn't adequately drained; and some other fields that are just good ordinary grass. The really special fields you can recognise at a glance by their close vivid green lawn-like swards, and these when you look into them you find to be composed almost entirely of two plants—perennial rye-grass and wild white clover. Mr. Martin Jones says that all other species make up often no more than ten per cent. of the total herbage. These fields carry almost incredible numbers of sheep in summer—a dozen or even fourteen to the acre—twice as many as ordinary good grass is expected to feed. Besides the sheep, there are a few of the red Sussex cattle—perhaps a beast to every three or four acres. The sheep, or at least the ewes, are all of the Romney Marsh breed; but many of the lambs are crossbred Southdowns. It is a curious coincidence, by the way, that New Zealand lamb should have been labelled 'Canterbury', because it is, for the most part, precisely the same thing as is produced in Kent—with a Southdown for its father and a Romney ewe for its mother. In fact, the New Zealand sheep farmer may be said to have taken over his whole system of meat production from this little corner of England.

It has long been a puzzle just why the best pastures in Romney Marsh should be so good, while others, right alongside, on the same soil, are no better than ordinary. The reason must be largely bound up with the management, for over and over again you get the clear-cut difference along the shallow dyke that forms the field division. I believe that Mr.

Martin Jones has lately provided the answer. The whole thing depends on the *timing* of the grazing. If pasture be heavily stocked during summer, so that no grass is allowed to get rank and tall, then the creeping clover benefits from the light and air. And if the pasture is spared in spring and autumn then the rye-grass, which grows early and late, will have a chance to gather strength. It only remains to see that any rough herbage is eaten off during the dead winter season to make your grazing lawn complete and perfect. But if, on the other hand, the herbage is punished in autumn and spring, the rye-grass will be checked. And if the pasture be understocked in summer then the sheep will pick out the tender palatable grasses and leave the coarse unpalatable things to flourish and lord it over the clover. It almost seems that we are only now beginning to understand the growing of this, the oldest of all crops. Running back along the north edge of

the South Downs you get some wonderful views across the Weald. It still looks like a great wood, but actually I suppose the acreage of timber is not very great. It is curious to think of this place as the first home of the iron industry—that, of course, was when charcoal was the only fuel that folk thought of using for iron furnaces. Two hundred years ago there was some anxiety about the future. What would happen when these great forests were exhausted? Defoe, when he surveyed the land, gave an entirely reassuring report. There was enough wood growing, he said, to build all the ships that England would ever need, and more than enough would be left to make all the iron that would be wanted. But he was quite wrong. Before the century was out iron smelters were being taken to out-of-the-way spots in Argyllshire in order to get a supply of fuel. And the discovery that coal would do came only just in time.

I came back by Horsham, once famous as England's biggest wheat market, and tried to picture the street with five hundred wains of corn in it. And then on by the poor sandy country at Aldershot and Bagshot that will still grow nothing well unless pine trees and perhaps rhododendrons. But I must tell you more of Cobbett's country in another talk.



Interior of a hop-kiln, showing the type of closed fire on the ground floor for heating the air

By courtesy of H. H. Parker, Esq., from his forthcoming book on 'The Hop Industry'

Hedges and Garden Design

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

NOTHING will ever persuade me that straight determined lines are not more effective as a basis for garden-design than weak wavering curves and wriggles. By this, I do not mean that the hard straight line should never be broken by an overhanging shrub or a straying plant. Too severe a formality is almost as repellent as the complete absence of it. But once you have got a firm clear-cut design, defined by paths and hedges so that it looks like an architectural drawing, you are safe to let your plants straggle as they may. But it is important to have the plan right, as a foundation.

I like straight paths backed by straight neat hedges, and I like the divisions in a garden to be made by hedges equally straight and neat. I like a garden, however small, to have its secrets and its severity. I like to stand in the doorway of the house, and to look right down the garden for all its length, and yet not quite know what little private sections of garden I shall come on as I walk, either to the right or to the left—it may be a little square garden of herbs, or an iris garden, or a rose garden. Such an effect, which gives the maximum of perspective with the maximum of intimacy, must necessarily be dependent upon careful planning, and careful planning in the first and last resort must necessarily be dependent upon the carefully studied planting of certain boundary lines—in other words, hedges of one sort or another.

By following these principles, one can, I believe, attain the three main objects of satisfactory garden-design: simplicity, symmetry, and surprise. Simplicity you will get by the complete absence of fuss in your garden. Symmetry you will get by having everything nicely and neatly balanced, with the additional advantage that your garden will be made to appear more spacious than it really is. Surprise you will get by the fact that you are able to divide your garden up into small secret parts, each devoted to its own particular season of the year, or, if you prefer, to its own particular flower. These are objects and principles that one can never attain unless one starts off with a definite plan: certainly not by planting one's garden haphazard and higgledy-piggledy.

Hedges, then, are to constitute our boundaries, our lines of demarcation. What hedges shall we plant? There are two considerations to be observed: expense and speed. For the economical and impatient majority, which desires the quickest effect with the smallest expenditure, I cannot do otherwise than recognise the claims of privet. One must admit that privet has certain virtues. It is cheap to buy—about 17s. or 18s. per 100—it grows fast, it is dense, it is evergreen, and it can be trimmed and clipped into as neat a shape as is desired. But it is an undistinguished shrub. It will make your garden look exactly like your neighbour's garden. Whatever the virtues of privet, I hate it; but if you are determined to have a quick, cheap, dense, evergreen hedge, I am bound to admit in fairness that it has no rival except perhaps *Lonicera nitida*. This is a honeysuckle,

although it doesn't look in the least like one; it comes from China; it is evergreen, with small, dark, glossy leaves; it is fairly cheap, £3 10s. or so per 100; it is said to be perfectly hardy, at any rate in the south of England; and it certainly grows with exemplary rapidity. It is coming more and more into favour, and threatens to oust the once popular privet. Sandy soils don't seem to suit it so well as a richer loam; on sandy soils it seems to require feeding, otherwise it tends to

lose its leaves; but then the same is also true of privet. *Lonicera nitida* will quickly give you a hedge between five and six foot high, which is really as much as one wants for ordinary purposes.

Among other evergreen hedges, yew and box must of course hold an honoured place. There is nothing finer or more stately than an old yew hedge, and a legend exists that if you are unselfish enough to think only of your grandchildren you will plant a yew hedge for their enjoyment, but will never expect to derive any pleasure from it yourself. This legend, I am happy to say, is no more entirely true than many other legends. Ten to fifteen years will give you quite a respectable hedge of yew or box, especially if you can feed it generously with farmyard manure or some special fertiliser. Yew is a particularly greedy plant, and will well repay an extra mulch of manure or a soaking of fertiliser every year, either nitro chalk or sulphate of ammonia. Do not plant either yew or box where the soil is apt to become



Making the best of an ill-proportioned garden, by dividing it by means of formal hedges
From G. C. Taylor's 'Garden Making by Example' (Country Life)

water-logged, for that is a thing that they simply will not stand; the leaves will turn yellow, and the shrubs will die. Otherwise, both yew and box are obliging shrubs, and the more you clip them, the better they do. They are best clipped in the spring, and then again in August; and they are best planted in March or early April, rather than in the autumn. And if I may add another word of advice, I would say: have the patience to put in your plants rather small, say two foot high rather than three or four foot; you will have fewer failures than if you buy larger and more expensive plants, which possibly will not stand the transplanting so well as smaller, younger, and cheaper ones.

But if you do not wish to go to the expense of yew or box, which are admittedly more costly and less rapid in growth than some kinds of hedging, and if you are reluctant to plant such ordinary hedges as privet, then you could not be better advised than to plant *macrocarpa*, whose proper Latin name is *Cupressus macrocarpa*. Many people have an idea that *macrocarpa* will thrive only near the sea; this is true in so far as *macrocarpa* is a plant which endures and indeed enjoys sea-air and sea-breezes, but it is not true in so far as *macrocarpa* will also grow very happily inland. You can plant it confidently, whether you live on the coast or not; it will serve you well, being fairly cheap to buy, about £7 10s. per 100; it is a quick grower, a valuable wind-screen, and can be clipped ruthlessly into a really tidy hedge. All things considered, I strongly recommend *Cupressus macrocarpa*.

Then there are hornbeam and beech. Both of these make

thick tall hedges very quickly—in any good ordinary garden soil you can get a respectable hedge within six or seven years from the date of planting, a hedge of, say, six foot high and two foot thick. Neither hornbeam nor beech is expensive; they will cost you from £1 to £1 10s. per 100; but you must remember that they will lose their leaves during the winter; in other words, they are not evergreen as privet, lonicera, box, and yew are. If you do not mind this, and are content to put up with a hedge that turns brown in autumn and drops its leaves during the winter, then by all means plant hornbeam or beech, but plant them in a double row if you want a nice thick hedge.

Quick, laurel, and holly are also valuable as boundary hedges; not particularly ornamental perhaps, though useful; but if you want a purely ornamental hedge, which is intended to look pretty, but not to serve the more useful purpose of keeping out sheep or cattle, I suggest that you might plant a hedge of fuch-

sias or flowering currant or even of *Berberis Darwinii*. A fuchsia hedge is a lovely thing. Choose the hardy fuchsia, called *Riccartonii*. And if you want a low, flowering hedge, to run along a path or a border, plant lavender, especially the dwarf sorts such as French lavender or the Munstead variety, all of which you can clip after flowering to a neat level shape as you need it.

Whatever you do, and whatever kind of hedge you elect to plant, spare no pains in preparing the soil well. Trench deeply, and see to it that your trench is well-drained. Good preparation is half the secret of successful gardening. And then, later, see to it that the ground is kept clear of weeds and well forked up on the surface, so that air and moisture may get down to the young roots. And above all, remember that the judicious planting of suitable hedges is going to be the foundation of your whole garden design. Without them, you can never achieve those three essentials: simplicity, symmetry, and surprise.

The Use of Glass in Winter

By E. R. JANES

HERE is a proposition for you. Make up your mind at once that this winter and spring, and in future, you will have a good display of bloom in that neglected greenhouse. It is some time since you really took stock of it and you haven't noticed its shortcomings or its dilapidations. Your old gardening coat hangs behind the door, and underneath it the much greasier one you use for the car. Underneath the stage you have thrown your fork and spade, and the soil they brought in is now dry and dusty. In another corner is your basket, with garden-line, pegs and stakes and rubbish complete. Somewhere near is an old radio battery, and the mistress of the house has thrown in her old carpet-sweeper to keep it company. Here and there you have left flower-pots with soil in which plants have died, and on the stage are your antique anæmic geraniums keeping company with the calceolarias and fuchsias intended for the summer. A decrepit cactus and a few odd plants, which exist in spite of your neglect, with odd stakes and appliances, complete the disarray, and when any unwanted thing needs a home you say, 'Put it in the greenhouse'. Why should you? Why should your greenhouse be a plant mortuary or depository for rubbish? Don't you realise that in its present state it harbours filth, disease, and insect pests deadly to plant-life? I wonder if you realise that you will never grow plants in such surroundings and that the place has a demoralising effect upon you? Make a bonfire! Burn your old coats! Burn the old plants! Turn out the soil from the pots, get rid of the lot, and start afresh! Get a little soap and water and wash the glass and woodwork. Place a nice clean layer of fine shingle or ashes on the stages, then begin to repopulate your greenhouse and make it difficult to eject your friends from it. It is slightly heated, therefore you may easily grow beautiful old-fashioned *cinerarias* with modern colours blended with old-fashioned size. You may have a few intermediate *cinerarias* too, in pastel blue and gentian blue shades, and why not try a few 'star' *cinerarias* which give masses of star-like blooms of all shades but yellow? They flower for months and need little attention. Then there are *primulas*. There are giants with blooms two or three inches

across; beautiful 'star' varieties in coral-pink, blue, and white, with leaves the colour of purple beech. And, what about *primula malacoides*? Forrest brought it from China twenty odd years ago, a very pallid washed-out mass of bloom, but it has developed. It is healthy and lusty, and fit for any greenhouse. It gives flowers of lavender, mauve, pink, deep pink, and red approaching crim-

son. It will flower all the spring and delight all. Then, as you love beauty, you will include a few *schizanthus* or 'poor man's orchids', fascinating with their masses of blue, purple, bronze, yellow and white—blotched, spotted and arresting. Don't forget, too, the old-fashioned calceolarias: not those you bed out with the lobelias and geraniums in the summer, but fine fat fellows with big shadowy pouches three or four inches across. You can grow all these with sufficient artificial heat to keep out frost. It is a little late this season and you will have to buy a few plants, but next season sow seeds from April to July, except the *schizanthus*, which you should sow during August.

But you have no heat; therefore it is impossible to have a display of flowers! No, it is not! There are hundreds of flowers to choose from. Try some of these—*anemones*, including *blanda* and the small-flowered varieties, *camassias*, *chionodoxas*, *crocuses* in wonderful variety, dog's tooth violets, hyacinths in variety, including a few Romans and some specially-prepared early-flowering ones, *iris reticulata*, *iris tingitana*, Spanish and English irises in many sorts, *ixias*, *leucojums*, *narcissi* of many sorts, which flower quite easily in cold greenhouses

from February to May, *ranunculuses*, *scillas* of many varieties (but do not forget *sibirica*), snowdrops, *sparaxis*, *tigridias* with beautiful blotched and striped flowers, too rarely seen, *tritomas*, tulips—first early, second early, May-flowering, Darwin, Mendel, triumph and flaming parrot splashed and blotched on a serrated-edged petal of a different colour. There are *Watsonias* and winter aconites too. Don't bother if you have never heard of them. You will find them all in the leading bulb catalogues. They are all easy to grow. Order early, pot them as soon as received, and place them all in the cold greenhouse. Never mind about rotation. They will look after that themselves. If you haven't room in



Bell-glasses used for the protection of plants from frost and excessive moisture during the winter

Copyright: Edith Tudor Hart

the greenhouse, place some of the late hyacinths and late tulips out of doors, or in a cold frame, until the early ones have gone. If possible use sterilised soil. It is cheaper than disease. It is a little late in the season to start some of these, but there is still time to place many of the later kinds and varieties in pots and have a good display next spring.

You do not care for bulbs? Then what about annuals? You think them 'miffy' but you haven't seen them grown properly. Try sowing some seeds direct in soil placed in a five- or six-inch pot. Don't transplant. It checks. Instead, remove unwanted seedlings, leaving three to five in each pot. When grown out of doors annuals have a short season of growth and develop quickly. Yours will have all the winter to grow in and when spring comes you will have plants large enough to obscure their identities. They will flower, and flower, and flower, right up to mid-summer. Try these—orange and gold *calendulas*, annual chrysanthemums of every colour imaginable, pink and flaming salmon-scarlet *clarkias*, old-world gold and brown *coreopsis*, blue and pink cornflowers, orange, buff, pink and tangerine, *eschscholtzias*, old-fashioned *gillias*, long-spiked *godetias* from pale pink to crimson, intriguing velvety *salpiglossis*, and china-blue and pink *viscaria*. Another season, when you have grown some of these, you can grow lots of others equally fascinating and beautiful. Don't coddle them at any time. Always ventilate freely and do not spill water during the dull months. Of course, in the spring they will need plenty of water. These do not appeal to you very much? Well then, why not try a few hardy lilies? There are many suitable ones. Pot them like other bulbs, but singly. Water sparingly during the winter. Apply water with common sense afterwards. When you are thirsty, you need a drink! So will your lilies! A long drink!

Oh, you love rock plants! That's lucky! Have you ever thought of growing them under glass? Try placing them in pots or pans of well-drained soil with ample drainage underneath. You haven't been able to enjoy them before because they so often flower when the biting winds of spring are present. Get plants now, and then, as they develop, you will find a new joy in life. Colours you do not dream of, delicacy of perfection, beauty of line, and beauty of form revealed in a new light, and, as they develop, your sense of appreciation will increase and you will have satisfaction of mind in seeing them for several months. When they have flowered, don't forget them. Put them outside on a cool bottom of ashes or gravel. Care for them until the autumn and then bring them in. In a few years' time you will have magnificent specimens. Begin with *anemone hepatica*, alpine *campanulas* (there are lots of them), hardy cyclamen to include *coum* and *repandum*, dwarf *dianthus*, *gentiana acaulis*, *gentiana verna*, *houstonias*, dwarf *linums*, dwarf *phloxes*, *ramondia pyrenaica*, *rosmarinus prostratus*, *saxifragas*, *veronica prostrata*, *viola biflora* and *viola gracilis*, and after you have grown these successfully, there are hundreds of others worth trying in this way, all differing in their beauty.

Don't forget to make use of your greenhouse for raising seedlings for next season, if you have a little room. Half-hardy annuals, lettuces, tomatoes, early cauliflowers, and lots of other similar things, can be raised and planted out of doors in due course. If you are fond of salads, pack some roots upright, closely together, in boxes of soil and keep them moist. Place them underneath the stages in successive supplies from December to April. Keep them dark. You don't know which roots to use? For salads, chicory, dandelion, salsafy, and scorzonera; and as a choice vegetable, seakale. You have no roots? Never mind that, buy a few and sow seeds in April to raise supplies for next season. These roots are very easily grown in the kitchen garden. Then, you can start potatoes to sprout, by putting them in shallow boxes, closely together, with the business end upwards. Start them soon after Christmas and plant in March in a sheltered place. You will dig early potatoes long before your neighbours.

What about that derelict cold frame? It is filled with rubbish

and almost forgotten! You used to grow cucumbers in it, but they became cheap to buy and you didn't bother. Can't you put that in order, as well as the greenhouse? Mend the lights and wash them: better still, paint them. What will you put in it? What about those old hydrangeas, fuchias and geraniums, some of which you threw out of the greenhouse and had no heart to destroy? They could be put in the frame and then next May they would be ready for bedding out. Keep the frame dry and protect from frost with rush mats, straw mats, straw, litter, leaves, any old material handy, or even soil. If it snows heavily leave it on the glass. It makes a good blanket. Don't use water during the dull months, ventilate freely and keep dry. What about some sweet peas? You never grew good ones! Get a good collection and sow in spring, and next season start early, sow in September and plant out in March. Then, for the first time, you will understand what sweet peas really are. Of course, if you like, you can grow your alpine in the frame, close to the glass, instead of in the greenhouse, or grow violets. This is not a bad plan. If planted in September they will flower for six months. They need much ventilation, no coddling of any kind, and little water. You love old-fashioned plants? Well, you can grow wall-flowers and Brompton stocks to flower a month before those out of doors and, if you have a little room to spare, you can grow *campanula pyramidalis* and *campanula isophylla*, beautiful species of greatly contrasting forms, but very beautiful, and you know you have many plants on the borderline of hardness. Why don't you lift these and place them in the frame? You will feel much better when you have done them a good turn!

But, after all, perhaps you are anxious to have a good supply of salads and not so anxious to have flowers. In that case grow lettuces by dividing your frame and sowing successive pinches of seed during August, September, and October, and placing the seedlings six to eight inches apart in the frame when they are large enough to handle. You will ensure a good supply for most of the winter and all the family will thank you. Then, in the spring, in conjunction with the unheated greenhouse, you may raise annuals of all kinds. Seedlings of early vegetables for planting out may be raised, peas, broad beans, dwarf beans, runner beans, and lettuces, whose maturity can be hastened if seedlings are placed in the ground instead of seeds.

In the corner of the garden, by the rubbish heap, is a pile of hand-lights, bell-glasses, and lots of panes of glass. You haven't used them for some time. The hand-lights and bell-glasses are admirable for the raising of early salads and vegetable supplies generally. Put them on rich ground and sow lettuces, carrots, beet and cauliflowers underneath. Sow thinly and remove unwanted seedlings. Don't transplant. Ventilate freely, but carefully, not allowing condensed moisture to collect. Don't forget to trap sunshine in the afternoon after ventilation, by closing hand-lights or bell-glasses. Sunshine works wonders and it is quite cheap.

Now, having become tidy, you will want to throw away that heap of broken panes of glass. But why? Don't you remember those rock plants with the close rosettes, and others with woolly leaves, so fond of collecting moisture sufficient to kill them each winter? You say the frost kills them! It doesn't. Excessive moisture does! Select some large panes of glass and place them in grooved sticks over your plants to form a miniature, glass-roofed, shed. Make it secure from wind and next spring you will find your losses are comparatively light. The panes left over may be used for covering choice lilies and some hardy plants in the herbaceous border. Rain is your greatest enemy in the winter. Keep it off without extra expense.

Now you know how to make the best of your neglected glass during the winter, put your heart and soul into it! Become enthusiastic! It's worth it! There is no greater happiness than seeing your plants grow, and your original hard work will develop into the most absorbing of hobbies, which you will never regret.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

The Henry VIII 'Boom'

In your leader of last week's LISTENER you ask if anyone can explain the present extraordinary vogue of Henry VIII, and with impressive scholarship you proceed to find possible explanations deep in the springs of the national life. Alas! the explanation would appear to be far more simple. It is our old friend salesmanship. The English Film Industry, struggling to find a line of its own, different from the traditional American themes, struck upon the historical vogue. Here, as the earlier Arliss films, such as 'Disraeli', had demonstrated, was a field in which we could excel and make an overwhelming appeal to British sentiment. The able producers of 'Cavalcade' raised this

movement to its height and the public response showed producers to what delirious ambitions they might aspire. But the films must be typically English—nothing highbrow about them and no suspicion of 'history' or 'education' or 'improvement'. Now, what more suitable figure could present itself than Henry VIII? Was his 'Private Life' (note the title of the film!) not unique and did it not meet all the demands of those who want history with a touch of the salacious in it? or better still, the salaciousness without the history? The Royal Bluebeard is indeed without a peer in all the elements that make a first-class popular film.

If any should doubt the astuteness of the producers in this

respect the recent correspondence between them and Lord Cottenham in the *Daily Telegraph* should have dispelled all doubt. And what is more, we are promised greater things with Queen Elizabeth and her spacious era. The vogue once started, how could enterprise fail to exploit it? The stage, with the same actor, Charles Laughton, competitive companies with other eminent actors, commercial firms with puppets and all that and the voice of Stentor in advertising and the press—what more explanation can be asked?

I submit, it no more rests in national psychology than the late-lamented vogue for Yo-Yo. Salesmanship in its protean forms has done it! Let us pay tribute to the men who know their job.

Kingsbury

CHARLES L. WHITE

Muhammadanism and the Teaching of Christ

The universality of the Quranic doctrines and the great message of the Holy Prophet Muhammad demand from mankind, particularly the Western peoples, more than the patronage and pseudo-tolerance that hitherto the Christian Church and its ministers have shown in considering the question of Eastern religions. For while I am conscious of the sincere desire of the Rev. W. Paton to present what he believes to be the salient points of the superiority of Christianity over all other religious systems, I am also more than conscious that his remarks pertaining to the Holy Prophet Muhammad are calculated to cause a deep sense of injury in the hearts of the followers of Islam.

The Quran teaches the Muslims to revere all the prophets who have been sent by Allah to the various races of mankind and in a doctrine so all-embracing and so bereft of petty racial and social disparities we Muslims find a place of respect and reverence for Jesus Christ for no other reason than that he came for the regeneration of the religion of the tribes of Israel. The Muslims appreciate the best in Jesus Christ, the most practical in Jesus Christ, and the most human in Jesus Christ, and indeed the spiritual value of all the prophets, through Islam and not, as the Rev. W. Paton will have it, through the doctrines that obtain in the West nowadays. Muslims cherish in their hearts the most profound respect and love for the Holy Prophet Muhammad and it would indeed be folly, on the strength of any religious experience, to make comparison between the prophets Muhammad and Jesus or between any other prophets, for, as we are told by Allah in the Quran—we do not make any distinction between any amongst them—that is, with regard to the truth of their message.

Putney

MUBARAK AHMAD

Literally True?

I am sorry to see that Sir Evelyn Wrench should so entirely have mistaken the import of my letter of November 15. I was not for a moment questioning the authenticity, or the value, of the spiritual experience undergone by him in Westminster Abbey twenty-three years ago. I was only concerned with his maltreatment of the English language. The objection to his use of the word 'literally' does not come from a sceptic, an atheist, or a materialist (it so happens I am none of these, but whether I am or not is irrelevant to the issue); it comes straight from the *Oxford English Dictionary*. 'Literally', according to the *O.E.D.*, is 'used to indicate that the following word or phrase must be taken in its literal sense. Now often *improperly used* [italics mine] to indicate that some conventional metaphorical or hyperbolic phrase is to be taken in the strongest admissible sense'. This improper use was, I maintain, precisely that in which Sir Evelyn Wrench indulged. For, turning now to 'born', the *O.E.D.* give us as the primary meaning, 'to be brought forth as offspring, to come into the world'. Was he using 're-born' in that primary sense? The second definition, prefaced 'fig.', includes 'in *Theol.* of persons, *To be born of God*: to become a child of God; *To be born again*: to undergo the new birth, become or be regenerate'. I challenge Sir Evelyn Wrench to deny that this last was the sense in which he used 're-born'; that, on the Dictionary's authority, it is a figurative use; that, again on the Dictionary's authority, such a figurative or metaphorical use is improperly qualified by the adverb 'literally'. 'When you write of that which is miraculous it is hardly possible to use too strong language': I agree; and had Sir Evelyn Wrench confined himself to the most hyperbolic, the most metaphorical, the most figurative language, I should have envied his experience and admired in silence. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God'; 'Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible'. I believe these phrases to be spiritually true; and verbally correct.

Leeds

R. BUTLER

Vanishing England

The reason for Mr. Howard Marshall's attack on a house near Amersham is apparently that the house in question 'forces itself upon the attention of the passer-by, and that any house should do that strikes me [Mr. Marshall] as an example of bad manners in architecture'. Now it is quite obvious that any house situated

on a hill must force itself upon the notice of the passer-by, and the finer the house architecturally the more it would do so. The mere fact, therefore, that a house is conspicuous is clearly a fantastic basis for a charge of bad manners. I suppose, however, that what Mr. Marshall meant to say was that the existence of this house shows bad manners either to the nearby seventeenth-century (*sic*) town or else to the immediately surrounding houses. Quite apart, however, from the debatable question whether an 'angular flat-roofed white affair' is a suitable neighbour to angular flat-roofed pink Georgian houses, the fact is that the village is nearly a mile away and was already separated from the house when the latter was built, by the villas, sausage factory, petrol and 'bus dumps which Mr. Marshall justly condemns. This house, therefore, could not possibly be in any architectural relationship to the village, and moreover is intended as the first of a group of modern houses which, according to Mr. Marshall, are all very well appropriately situated 'somewhere'. As regards the immediately surrounding houses, the position is that they are villas of the worst type and any good manners to their architecture would be a real crime. The charge of bad manners, either to the village or the surrounding houses, is therefore impossible to sustain.

The fact of the matter seems to be that Mr. Marshall simply does not like the house and fails to make the necessary distinction between the products of speculative builders and a serious architectural endeavour. The house he attacks cannot be cursorily dismissed as a glaring example of England's spoliation when it has been the object of admiration by distinguished architects both at home and from abroad. I might add that the man responsible for building the house is himself a member of the C.P.R.E. who has been called as an expert witness on their behalf, is an acknowledged authority on artistic matters, and was recently entrusted by the B.B.C. with a series of talks on questions of aesthetics.

London, N.W.8

C. H. DE PEYER

A tragic commentary on Mr. Howard Marshall's talks is the ruthless felling of a fine row of trees, of over 50 years' growth,



Yorkshire Post

in Calverley (Yorkshire) churchyard. As the side of the yard on which the trees grew was bounded by a field, there does not seem any worthy reason for this vandalism.

Calverley

M. G. MARGERISON

Barn at Preston Plucknett

In your issue of November 15, to illustrate 'The Tithe Question', you give a photograph which is described as 'Tithe [barn and priests' house at Preston Plucknett'. It is a good photograph of a remarkably interesting and beautiful group of buildings, but unfortunately your caption is inaccurate in every particular. (1) The village is Preston Plucknett (not Pluncknett); (2) the barn is not a tithe barn but a manorial barn (an unusually large one certainly); (3) the house was not a priests' house but a

manor house. This house has been wrongly called the Abbey Farm for many years, but in 1910 it was visited by the Somerset Archaeological Society, and the President (the late Mr. Harbin-Bates-Harbin) made the following definitive statement, which I heard and now copy from the Proceedings of the S.A.S., Vol. LVI:

It was known as Preston Abbey under the mistaken idea that it had been a possession of Bermondsey Abbey, but this part of the village was always in lay hands, and was at one time owned by the family of Plucknett (de Plugenet). After they died out at the end of the reign of Edward II, the family of Stourton succeeded, and, to borrow Gerard's description, 'Preston gave habitation unto John Stourton, who being owner of it, built that ancient, and in those times, faire house, which still remains'. (Gerard's Survey. Som. Rec. Soc. XV 108).

The old part of the house, with its beautiful octagonal double-storied openwork chimney, built in the fourteenth century, extended to the right-hand chimney in the photograph; the fine arched and vaulted entrance, with a solar over, and the great hall, were added in the fifteenth century. The barn is contemporary with the house. John Stourton's daughter carried this property with Brympton to her husband, John Sydenham. In 1730 it was sold with Brympton, by the last of the Sydenhams, to Francis Fane and it remained in the Fane family until after the War when it was sold to Mr. Thomas Hawkins, the tenant, whose father and grandfather had rented it before him. He re-sold it and when I last saw it, about three years ago, it was empty.

Cheltenham

E. COURTNEY GARDNER

'The Menace of Japan'

Professor T. O'Conroy has challenged the review of his book *The Menace of Japan*, which appeared in THE LISTENER of November 8. He complains that it was unfair to draw comparisons between a single chapter of his work and a complete volume by Sansom, and he declares that the chapter was never meant to give an 'outline of Japanese history'. It is, nevertheless, a chapter dealing with Japanese history, and it reveals that its author has only the most superficial acquaintance with the history of the country on which he claims to be 'the greatest living authority in either hemisphere'. We are told that the Hojo family were 'followed closely' in power by Nobunaga (the interval between them was two and a quarter centuries!) and that in pre-Meiji times 'the different provinces were isolated from one another almost completely. No markets existed for trade'. It may be, however, that Professor O'Conroy does not claim to be an authority on the past of Japan, but only on its present condition; if this is so, I apologise for having judged his digression into history by too high a standard.

The writer also objects to my assertion that he 'roundly denounces the Japanese Press for its lying scurrility (for which see pages 137-8 of the book) and then proceeds to use it as first-class evidence for scandals'. He says that he quotes only English printed papers for his purpose. But in his account of the Nichiren temple scandal on page 87—one of his most sensational items—he merely asserts that 'the temple was exposed by the *Osaka Asahi*', which is a vernacular newspaper, and he does not give any other source for his information. As to his contention that *Kodo* 'cannot be compared to Fascism', but 'is a religion in the most literal sense of the word', I admit that it is in form a development of Shinto, and draws much strength from the old national cult. What I deny is that the new, ultra-nationalist, anti-liberal movement in Japan, of which *Kodo* is the expression, differs essentially from the Fascist and Nazi movements in Europe. Araki, Mussolini and Hitler all talk the same language of unqualified national egoism, and Germany and Italy are today as chauvinist as Japan, with no help from Shinto. To judge from the European examples, it would make little difference to the violence of the new nationalism in Japan if the traditional religion of the country were Christian instead of Shintoist.

YOUR REVIEWER

Poster Art

A Joint Committee of the British Poster Advertising Association and of the London Poster Advertising Association has had before it an article appearing in THE LISTENER of October 4, signed 'Herbert Read'. The article is headed 'Vulgarity—the Antithesis of Art', from which the following is an extract:

Most of us are compelled almost daily to wait and stare at hoardings covered with advertisements, ninety per cent. of which are frankly and even obscenely vulgar . . .

The two Associations consider that the words quoted cast a serious and damaging aspersion upon the lawful and useful business of poster advertising, and upon poster artists and the great commercial concerns using poster publicity. The statement referred to is manifestly untrue and incapable of proof. There is in existence the Indecent Advertisements Act, 1889, and also the Associations have a voluntary Censorship Committee of 40 years' standing, which has been recognised by

H.M. Government, whose sole duty is to see that no offensive poster is exhibited by any of the members of the two Associations on any of their hoardings. It is highly improbable that one single poster of the character designated by Mr. Read is or has been for many years displayed on a hoarding.

London, W.C. 1

GEORGE F. SMITH

Secretary, British Poster Advertising Association

[We regret that Mr. Read's statement, which was hardly meant to be taken as mathematically correct, should have been such as to cause offence to poster artists and to the business of poster advertising in general—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Use of Selenium in Television

As an amateur television enthusiast, I should like to point out that Mr. Julian Huxley, in his recent talk, 'Science Speeds up Communications', is incorrect in stating that use is made of selenium at either transmitting or receiving points. In modern television, time-intervals of as little as one half-millionth of a second may be of importance, and the marked time-lag in the change of the resistance of selenium with the change of incident light is too serious for this substance to be of any use. At the transmitter, all systems employ the photo-electric cell, which operates by virtue of the fact that light, falling on a thin metallic surface in a vacuum tube, causes the emission of an electron stream, whose density is dependent on the intensity of the light. By collecting the electrons on a suitably charged anode, an electrical current is made to flow in the external circuit, and by interposing a resistance, voltage impulses, corresponding to the changes of the incident light, are made available for amplification and transmission. At the receiver, electrical impulses are converted back into light variations by means of gas-filled glow-discharge tubes, Kerr effect modulators, or a modulated Cathode ray. Selenium is not employed at either transmitter or receiver in any modern systems.

Wimbledon

A. H. GILBERT

The National Character

May I add to the talks on 'The National Character' a paragraph from Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham's article on 'Niggers' published in 1899:

Still, in the interval, our race has had full leisure to mature. Saxon stolidity and Celtic guile, Teutonic dullness, Norman pride, all tempered with east wind, baptised with mist, narrowed by insularity, swollen with good fortune, and rendered overbearing with much wealth, have worked together to produce the type. A bold, beef-eating, generous, narrow-minded type, kindly but arrogant; the men fine specimens of well-fed animals, red in the blood and face; the women cleanly, 'upstanding' creatures, most divinely tall; both sexes slow of comprehension, but yet not wanting sense; great feeders, lovers of strong drinks, and given to brutal sports, as were their prototypes, the men of ancient Rome; dogged as bull-dogs, quick to compassion for the sufferers from the injustice of their neighbours; thinking that they themselves can do no wrong, athletic though luxurious; impatient of all hardships, yet enduring them when business shows a profit or when honour calls; moralists, if such exist, and still, like cats, not quite averse to fish when the turn serves; clear-headed in affairs, but idealists and, in the main, wrong-headed in their views of life; priding themselves most chiefly on their faults and resolute to carry all those virtues which they lack at home, to other lands.

London, S.E.22

L. D. BARBER

Highest Road Pass in England

I have always understood the Alston-Stanhope road to reach the highest point of any road in England, as stated by 'G. F.' in your last issue. But he makes a curious slip in saying that the passes from Alston to Stanhope, Middleton and Penrith are in Northumberland: they are all in Cumberland. There are several roads in this district higher than the Kirkstone Pass; as that from Brough to Middleton-in-Teesdale (1,578 feet), Stanhope to Middleton (1,578 feet), and from Arkengarthdale to Stainmore, on the summit of which is the highest inn in England, 'Tan Hill' (1,732 feet)—a distinction frequently attributed in error to the 'Cat and Fiddle' in Derbyshire (Macclesfield-Buxton road, 1,690 feet). The comparative remoteness and unfamiliarity of these roads doubtless accounts for such errors, but one would expect more accuracy from Mr. Bradley as author of *The Romance of Northumberland*.

Barnard Castle

G. S. FIELD

The First Radio Play Broadcast

Since 'Danger' is, as you say in your issue of November 22, 'the first complete [radio] play to be broadcast': the antiquarians of the B.B.C. might perhaps like to know the correct date. This was January, 1924, and not—as stated in your editorial, and also in the press *passim*—1925. Radio drama was in full swing by then.

London, W.C.1

RICHARD HUGHES

Short Story

Midsummer Prophecy

By MARGARET DRAKE

HERR JENSEN is a solicitor in a provincial town in Denmark. It is a little whitewashed town deep in the green shadow of enormous limes. Herr Jensen has a pleasant house, long and low, with roses drooping across the windows. Behind there is a garden, an orchard of young apple trees and four beehives. He also has two small daughters who curtsy when they are introduced as Helga who is thirteen and Christina who is nine. The fairies, who in Denmark have kindly overlooked the insults of modernisation, were present in great numbers at the christening of Christina. They gave her all the graces, including a creamy skin, large brown eyes and hair smooth-grained like an inward curving cup of golden wood.

'And how', ask Herr Jensen's clients, 'and how is the little Christina?'

'A lovely child', say the ladies taking coffee on the lawn with Fru Jensen, 'but Helga . . .'—then they smile affectionately thinking of long flying legs, dark red hair that grows so fast it can never be kept tidy and a face covered with little brown spots.

'What do you call those little brown spots in English?' asks Fru Jensen.

'We call them freckles', I reply.

'Helga', they all agree, 'has a sweet disposition'.

Fru Jensen sighs: 'I do not know', she says, 'what will become of my children when they grow up. Christina is so pretty she will have many lovers'.

'But Helga is beautiful', I whisper.

'Ah yes', says the schoolmaster's wife softly, 'she will have one lover'. Her own remark has made her think, perhaps, of the loving friendship between Helga and her own curly-headed Hans. The two have been inseparable companions almost from babyhood, but Fru Westergaard has never given the matter a thought, for she has seen many such loves between a brother and sister or between unrelated children whom circumstances have thrown much together.

'But today is Midsummer Eve', the doctor's wife is saying with a friendly smile towards all simple superstitions. 'All you must do is look into a mirror at dusk, holding a leaf in your hand, and the witches will show you your children's future'.

'Why yes', laughs Fru Jensen. 'I never thought of that'.

'That reminds me', says Fru Westergaard, 'my husband is taking Hans this evening to see the Midsummer fires. It is such a tiny car, but there will be room for Helga'.

Later, while Helga and I are gathering strawberries for supper, I ask about the fires. She explains in her hesitating English.

'On Midsummer Eve we think the witches are flying about, so we light big fires by the sea shore. Then the witches are afraid and fly away to Brocken in Germany'.

'You like to see the fires?' I ask, for the things I can say are limited by the extent of Helga's vocabulary.

'Yes, but I like more to look at the sea. And if the road is quiet Herr Westergaard will let Hans to drive the auto. I like to watch Hans drive, he looks in front—so straight'. There is a shade of mimicry in the quick smile. 'We shall drive very close to the water', she continues; 'the sea will be flat and go away—away. It has no end'. And I seem to see in the accompanying gesture something of her own boundless capacity for devotion. 'In the evening it is blue, but more than blue—shining. I have no word'.

'There is an English word', I say. 'It is rather difficult but beautiful. Translucent. It means, with a light shining through'. And it occurs to me that here is one word, at least, for the beauty I am always seeing in Helga and for which the straight hair and long, thin face offer no explanation.

Supper is served in the dining-room at seven. It is a gracious room with cool bare floor, gleaming radiators, long blue curtains and two panels by a modern painter. For culture in Denmark is not so expensive as elsewhere and quite ordinary people may know an artist. Moreover, the table is round, the

beer good and the fried eels delicious. Herr Jensen, large and Teutonic, beams at everyone through his horn-rimmed spectacles. Fru Westergaard has stayed on to supper and been joined by her husband and, of course, Hans. Herr Westergaard is heavy and dogmatic. In a discussion on the pronunciation of the English 'a' in 'mat', he is the only one who will not agree that the children do it best. I am emphatic that the children's way is the right one, and since I am not fond of the schoolmaster I would like to say that his pronunciation is the worst of all. But, of course, I dare not. I like him less still when he mentions the trip to the coast. 'There will be room', he says, 'for one of the little girls'.

Christina is a clever child; and from that moment her supper goes uneaten, her fair golden head droops pathetically and she permits herself a faint pouting of the lips.

'Hiee Christina, what is the matter?' whispers Helga. Christina makes no reply, but a single tear rolls down her cheek and splashes between her plate and Hans. Hans gives the tear one sidelong look and continues stolidly eating his food. Helga, who has no capacity for managing people or situations, relapses into her dream in which I imagine she is driving with Hans forever around the shores of a flat blue sea. But doubtless she has tired of the sea and gone mountaineering.

Immediately after supper there is usually a Danish interlude when I am freed from the task of making myself amiable in English. So on this evening I take myself into the orchard for a quiet cigarette. Passing through the hall I intrude on a distressing scene. Christina is weeping in a corner. Hans is standing beside her, one hand awkwardly resting on her shoulder, his whole attitude suggesting the last degree of boyish embarrassment. From the murmur of Danish I gather that he wishes to goodness she would stop crying and he will ask Helga and perhaps she won't mind. He is rewarded with a smile watery but sweet.

I am not very long over my meditations in the orchard. When I come back Herr Westergaard's two seater is in the drive and squashed in beside Hans I see Christina's sweet complacent face surmounting her best blue coat. The tears have vanished, leaving no sign unless it is that her expression, in the half light, looks strangely old and unchildlike.

Herr Westergaard is coming through the front door. He has a horse-shaped face with a receding chin above his broad winged collar.

'But', I say, 'I thought it was Helga who was going to see the fires'.

'Was she?' he asks; and then with an indecent flicker in his blank and wandering eyes, 'The little Christina is a very attractive child, do you not think so, Miss Brown?'

No one has troubled to turn up the lights in the drawing-room, for tonight it will never be really dark. Outside the windows there is a light swaying on the tops of the great limes, and I hear the grinding moan of the motor starting up. Coffee cups are strewn about the table. Fru Westergaard is in conversation with the Jensens. Helga sits alone in a high backed chair, shadowy in her white dress. Her face looks oddly; you could scarcely say whether she is thirteen or thirty. It is dim, too, like something seen in a mirror at dusk.

But Fru Jensen has forgotten to hold a leaf in her hand.

According to the latest return of Urban Public Library Statistics (1931-32), for every 100 of the population served there are now 64.2 volumes in stock, and 526 issues per year. The amount of money spent on the library service is 1s. 4d. per head, and the number of borrowers 16.7 per cent. of the population served. The average number of book issues per head has risen during the last seven years from 3.5 to 5.8, the increase being greatest in the areas where unemployment has been most severe. Cardiff appears to head the list of county boroughs, with 11.5 issues per head in 1931-2, Bradford comes next with 9, and Croydon third with 8.3. Roughly one-sixth of the reader's tickets issued and of the books issued by the urban libraries go to children.

Books and Authors

Pepys in the Making

Samuel Pepys. By Arthur Bryant. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by ERNEST BARKER

THIS IS A CAROLINE BOOK—Caroline in the sense which belongs to *Carolus secundus*. Full wigs and florid faces; colour and pageantry; a crowded stage and gallant music; gaiety restored with a restored King, and pleasure leading the happy hours along—these are the background of the story, with Pepys himself in the foreground, playing the double part of gay young spark and industrious Clerk of the Acts of the Royal Navy. Mr. Bryant's book is the first of two volumes. It deals with 'The Man in the Making': it carries Pepys halfway through his life, to that turning point in the lives of men which comes about the age of thirty-seven. In the life of Pepys his thirty-seventh year was indeed a turning-point. His wife died. His diary ended; *Finis* was written large to Part I of his career. Nature herself has given Mr. Bryant a happy definition of the scope of his first volume; and he has added art to nature to produce a book which has unity, form, and the glow of life. He dedicates what he has written 'to the Cast of the Greenwich Pageant'. He is himself a pageant master; and he assembles a rich array of figures, moving in a rich and intricate progress, but always led and dominated by the master-figure of Pepys. Perhaps the stage is too fully set, and the very abundance of figures occasionally confuses the eye; perhaps, too, the style of the narrative is sometimes too richly ornamented, and the simple lines of fact disappear behind a series of decorated sentences. Yet abundance and fullness, ornament and decoration, all seem, after all, to suit the genius of Pepys.

In historical equipment, and in all the technique of the historian, Mr. Bryant leaves nothing to seek. He has moved beyond the standard (not that it was a low standard) of his earlier book on King Charles II. He uses conjectural imagination less: he practises more the art of making the authentic document itself glow and sparkle into life. Clio the Muse is still his inspiration; but Clio the mistress of historical science is also his guide. He has inherited the papers of Dr. Tanner, and among them part of the papers which Dr. Tanner received from Mr. Wheatley: he has studied the full and unexpurgated text of Pepys' Diary; he has used naval collections, correspondence, and every available source, in addition to all the modern and secondary literature which has clustered round the career of Pepys. Good maps and good contemporary illustrations adorn his book: it is in every way admirably produced, and does credit (alike in its binding, its end-papers, its type, and indeed its every detail) to the University Press which has worked hand in glove with the author.

Mr. Bryant has an admirable subject. Pepys is one of the great self-revealers of history; and unlike some other self-revealers (Rousseau, for example), he is absolutely honest with himself. He had the gift which Horace celebrates in his predecessor Lucilius:

*Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris.*

He entrusted the *arcana* of his life as faithfully to his diary as a man entrusts his secrets to his closest friend. Some of the secrets (the sexual secrets: the records of the pawings and 'towslings' to which Pepys let himself be driven by the sting in his blood) are poor sordid things. It is a pity that Mr. Bryant—partly perhaps impelled by the natural scholar's desire to quote the full text, and partly perhaps in the spirit of an age resolved to be frank and candid about sex—has allowed himself

to print some passages of which one can only say *O lutum, O sordes*. His muse wears a brighter face when she has to tell of the fire of London, as Pepys saw it with his artist's eye, or when she records his passion for music and his sitting and singing with Matthew Locke and Henry Purcell, or (above all) when she recounts with pride the work that he did for the navy of England. The navy of England—and behind it, and sheltered by it, the whole rich life of England itself, and the gusto of Pepys in all the glory of the riches—these are the authentic themes that stir Mr. Bryant's pen. There is no reader but will thank him for the glowing account of Eastern England, and of all the ramifications of Pepys' family in its soil, with which his book begins. There is no reader but will thank him, even more, for the still more glowing account of the life of London, and all the roots of Pepys and his family in that life, to which his book next proceeds. Mr. Bryant is a rich colorist—the

Rubens of the English scene. Wherever he follows Pepys, in all his comings and goings, a coloured light falls and plays on the landscape. This is a great merit of his book. It is also, in another way and from another point of view, a defect. Under the 'dome of many coloured glass' the picture becomes kaleidoscopic. It is full of flitting *personalia* and multitudinous *diurnalia*. The one person of Pepys himself, and the permanent achievement and significance of the first phase of his life, are obstructed by the crowding of the canvas. All who love England, and the great and whimsical Englishman here depicted, will look forward to Mr. Bryant's second volume, and to the story of the remaining thirty-four years of Pepys' life. Perhaps in that volume the light will fall more level; and judicious selection will give us more of the essence of Pepys himself and of his achievement and character.



Model suggesting Pepys' room at the Admiralty: made by Mr. Wyndham Payne and lent for show at the Pepys Exhibition at Messrs. Bumpus

The Individualist Speaks

We with our Fair pitched among the feathery clover
Are always cowardly and never sober
Drunk with steam-organs thigh-rub and cream-soda
—We cannot remember enemies in this valley.

As chestnut candles turn to conkers, so we
Knock our brains together extravagantly
Instead of planting them to make more trees
—Who have not as yet sampled God's malice.

But to us urchins playing with paint and filth
A prophet scanning the road on the higher hills
Might utter the old warning of the old sin
—Avenging youth threatening an old war.

Crawling down like lava or termites
Nothing seduces nothing dissolves nothing affrights
You who scale off masks and smash the purple lights
—But I will escape, with my dog, on the far side of the Fair.

LOUIS MACNEICE

Treasures at the Pepys Exhibition

Editorial reference to this Exhibition at Messrs. Bumpus will be found on page 819



Above—Letters Patent appointing Pepys Secretary to the Admiralty: lent by Magdalene College, Cambridge

Below (Left)—Portrait of Pepys on frontispiece to his *Memoires Relating to the State of the Royal Navy*. (Right)—Pepys's shorthand account of Charles' escape after Worcester, taken down from the King's own dictation: lent by Magdalene College, Cambridge

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Nazi Germany Explained. By Vernon Bartlett
Gollancz. 5s.

Why Nazi? Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

HERE ARE TWO CAREFUL ANALYSES of the new regime in Germany, contributed by an Englishman and a German Jew respectively; readers may be somewhat surprised to find that they agree together fairly closely, in spite of a necessary difference of outlook. Mr. Bartlett's book is really an expansion of the views expressed in his now famous broadcast, given after the announcement of Germany's withdrawal from the League. He writes, as he talks on the wireless, with attractive simplicity and moderation, illustrating his points vividly from his store of personal reminiscences. He discusses the post-War history of Germany, the weaknesses of the Weimar Republic, the reasons for the growth and success of National Socialism, the character of Hitler and his associates, and the problems of policy which face both Nazi Germany and her neighbours. Almost the same course is traversed by the anonymous author of *Why Nazi?*, who, in spite of belonging to the persecuted section of the German community, succeeds in maintaining a fair and tolerant attitude towards the new regime. The chief value of both these books will be to counteract prejudice. Without in any way excusing, they provide an intelligible explanation of the events which have so shocked the outside world. They agree in laying much of the responsibility for the Revolution upon the mistaken treatment of Germany by the Allies during the ten years following the Armistice. The German Republic thus became saddled with an 'inferiority complex' from its birth; on the other hand, Liberal principles which formed its basis prevented it from ruthlessly eliminating reactionary elements, which remained to take advantage of its weaknesses. Revolt of youth against age, of the lower middle-classes against the 'hidden hand' of finance, of discipline against individualism, all contributed to the rise of National Socialism. Both Mr. Bartlett and the author of *Why Nazi?* have chapters on the ugly side of Hitlerism, the persecution of Jews, Socialists and Liberals; and they show that it will be easier for other nations to exercise a moderating influence if they understand the cause and real nature of these excesses, and the point of view which led to their commission. The author of *Why Nazi?* gives interesting sketches of the chief personalities of the new regime; while Mr. Bartlett concludes his book with a logical presentation of the problems which face a world with which, somehow or other, Germany (even a Nazi Germany) has to be reconciled if peace is to be preserved. Although the horizon of international affairs looks dark enough at the present moment, we need not despair so long as utterances so courageous and sane as those of Mr. Bartlett and the author of *Why Nazi?* can still find expression and support from public opinion.

Women in Subjection. By I. B. O'Malley
Duckworth. 15s.

Woman in Soviet Russia. By Fannina Halle

Translated by Margaret M. Green. Routledge. 18s.

To read Mrs. O'Malley's book is to realise how much higher is the standard of the ordinary citizen than that of the law of the land, and how ignoble we should be if we did all that the law permits. If the average English husband of days gone by had claimed all his legal rights, the average English wife would have lived as a penniless abject. The married woman's earnings belonged to her husband, not herself; and if, finding him intolerable, she left him and tried to support herself, he could still take them away from her. It was only in 1891 that it was decided a husband has no right to imprison his wife in his house; before then, apparently, the Englishman's home was not only his castle but his dungeon. Before the passing of the Married Women's Property Act it was only the spinster who had control of her affairs and finances—and her legal superiority was counterbalanced by her status of social inferiority. As for women's education in the eighteenth century: did not Dr. Gregory advise his daughters—and perpetuate the advice in a printed book—'If you happen to have any learning keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding'? And it was not only a cultivated understanding upon which the male superior cast his jealous and malignant eye; good health was also apt to set it glaring. 'We so naturally', the good Dr. Gregory goes on, 'associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with delicacy of constitution that when a woman speaks of her great strength . . . we recoil'. The girls of today should read their Mrs. O'Malley—read her carefully; they will arise from the perusal thankful for their luck in getting their schooling under George the Fifth instead of under George the Third.

From England of yesterday to Russia of today is a far cry. The Soviet Union stands for complete equality between the sexes and the entry of woman into every trade and calling. True,

she is no longer enlisted in the Red Army; but she takes part in the shooting contests, can join what are known as 'defence detachments', undergo training in such military departments as field telegraphy and field telephone service—and, in time of war, no doubt would be called on again. This sudden establishment of sex equality is the more astonishing when one realises how complete was the subjection of the Russian woman in the past, not only by law but by custom. One of the most interesting sections of Fannina Halle's book is that which describes the family life of Old Russia; the institution of the *terem*, where the women of the house lived apart in Asiatic seclusion. In his own house the husband and father was an autocrat, and his rule of wife and children was literally the rule of the rod. If a woman 'receives an invitation or summons anyone to visit her, it must only be if her husband permits it'—so runs a celebrated *Domestic Ordinance* of the sixteenth century, which also contains instructions on correct methods of wife-beating. All the world over home ties are weakening and the family is breaking apart, but in Russia the process has been swifter and more thorough than elsewhere. Communism views the family with suspicion, as an institution which absorbs some of the energies that should be given wholly to the State; hence it favours the disintegration of the home and the employment of women outside it. This, however, is not the only reason for the change; there are secondary factors, economic and domestic, which make for the disappearance of the old type of family life. Overcrowding is one of them—the impossibility of making a home without any sort of privacy, on an allowance of so much floor space a head; because so little comfort is obtainable at home, the tendency is to resort to recreation rooms and parks of Rest and Culture, as the only places where comfortable leisure may be spent. All of which means less of family life and inevitable change in the outlook and position of women.

Ibn Sa'ud—The Puritan King of Arabia

By Kenneth Williams. Cape. 8s. 6d.

The sudden and premature death of King Feisal of Iraq lends a note of poignancy to Mr. Williams' record of the still unfinished career of his greater rival, the King of Wahhabi Arabia. The two men met but once on board a British war-vessel in the Persian Gulf in 1930, and those who were privileged to be present at that historic meeting can scarcely have failed to realise the astonishing contrast between them. The favourite of fortune met the self-made champion of an ideal which had led him in turn to sweep the Turks out of eastern Arabia, to absorb the realm of Ibn Rashid in northern Arabia and to drive the Sharifian dynasty out of western Arabia. Yet Feisal by the grace of Great Britain was ruler of Iraq and his brother ruled under the same agis in Trans-Jordan. So the monarchs who met on *H.M.S. Lupin* realised that the game was still square with all to play for, and they parted sharing an ideal and an ambition. United Arabia was the common ideal, its throne for the winner the ambition. Yet Mr. Williams tries to leave one with the impression that the two monarchs had come to the conclusion that Arabia, alone among all the countries of the world, had reached finality in its political permutations and combinations. That was the view of neither—nor could it possibly be; and Ibn Sa'ud will probably regret more than anyone the stroke of Fate that has removed a worthy rival from the ring before the final count.

But it is not only in the north, where now an Old Harrovian from the seat of the Abbasid Califs directs the march of Arab nationalism into the broad highways of western civilisation, that Ibn Sa'ud, wearing the Prophet's mantle and turning his back deliberately on the manifold temptations of the modern world, seeks to impose on Arabia that ideal of unity which alone can bring it strength and hope in the struggles of the future. The desert air is today alive with rumours of important developments on the borders of Najd and the Yaman, and British sloops are speeding down the Red Sea to Aden, as not so long ago they sped to Aqaba, to 'watch the situation'. Yet we seek in vain through Mr. Williams' pages for some account of the genesis of a conflict that must be some day and may be sooner than most people imagine. Not a word do we find of Ibn Sa'ud's occupation of Najran early in 1932, nor of the negotiations about Aru in 1931. It is difficult to agree with Mr. Williams that the Imam Yahya's forces constitute 'the best trained army in all Arabia'. That was exactly what our War Office thought about King Husain's army in 1919, a few weeks before it was annihilated by the Wahhabis at Turaba. In any case we shall see, perhaps before long, because it is difficult to think that a settlement of the southern problem can be long delayed. That problem and others are but the growing pains of Arabian unity.

It is true that Italy is mildly interested in the fate of the Arabian neighbour of her Eritrean colony, but Soviet activities are now of greater moment than Italian interests in the Yaman.

Mr. Williams might indeed with advantage have given us some information about the repercussions of foreign political and commercial interests in Arabia—Japanese trade, for instance, or Soviet semi-political penetration, or Italian colonial or strategic ambitions and the like; to say nothing of the new-born interest of America in the oil and other mineral possibilities of the country. But he leaves, perhaps unconsciously, the impression that, of all the Great Powers, only Great Britain is seriously concerned with the future of Arabia; and he does not think it worth while to mention that it was the Soviet Government that first accorded official recognition to the Wahhabi regime in the Hijaz and first raised its consulate at Jidda to the rank of a Legation. In fact the Soviet Minister is today the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in Arabia.

In his summary of the early developments of the Wahhabi regime Mr. Williams follows his authorities closely enough, though he occasionally indulges in fanciful variations of actual details. For instance, the Rashidian Governor of Riyadh would scarcely have required his horses for the journey of thirty or forty yards from the castle to his private house in which Ibn Sa'ud and his friends lay in ambush for him. But such are trifling matters. He is aware that the name of the first apostle of Wahhabism was Muhammad, but far too frequently he calls him by his father's name, Abdul Wahhab; and for some reason he rejects the dates of Muhammad's birth, ministry and death as given by the contemporary historian Ibn Ghannam. And he errs also in his account of Wahhabi limitations of the Meccan ceremonies; but these, after all, are matters rather for the expert than the general reader, who will probably complain most that he has been too economical of information regarding the personality and private life of his hero. His story is a *résumé* of modern Arabian history rather than a biography of the man who has made it, which is natural enough when the author cannot claim the advantage of any personal acquaintance with his subject.

Mr. Williams does not pretend to be a stylist and for the most steers a middle way between literature and journalism, but he occasionally plunges into a purple passage with unhappy results, e.g., 'Obviously the stars in their lucent desert courses were fighting for him'. Nevertheless, Mr. Williams' book is a welcome reminder to the reading public of the existence in Arabia of a great man, whose consistent avoidance of publicity has resulted in his being less conspicuous than some of the neighbouring autocrats that our generation has thrown up. And it should be read with the mental reservation that the man who has so often in the past confounded official estimates of his capacity has not yet exhausted his capacity to astonish.

Richard Jefferies. By Reginald Arkell

Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Arkell's oblique commentary on Jefferies gives the reader the impression that the author is driving a claim on a plot of land already occupied. Edward Thomas and others have already done for Jefferies what has never been done for W. H. Hudson, a naturalist and man of letters of far greater range and power than his predecessor, and Mr. Arkell appears to be involuntarily conscious of the fact that there is nothing particularly new to be said about his subject. So, in order to avoid writing a direct biography about the star round which he revolves, he chooses an orbit so erratic that much of his book has nothing to do with Jefferies at all. It is described on the dust cover as 'an intimate personal study and tribute written in the modern manner', but the only pivot of intimacy discoverable is that Jefferies and himself were natives of the same countryside. The meaning of the 'modern manner' is inscrutable. Mr. Arkell writes round Jefferies instead of about him; he talks about his house, his family, his walks, his rural preferences and inclinations. He hardly attempts to consider him critically or aesthetically, to estimate his peculiar contribution both to English letters and the naturalist's library or to place him in an evolutionary series between Gilbert White and Hudson.

The book begins well—the pilgrimage of the author as a boy to find the milestone inscribed 'To London, 79 Miles' which stood close to Jefferies' farmstead at Coate. He found it and our hopes rose with his. But as the book proceeded on its devious course, those hopes began to sink like streams in a summer drought. Jefferies' countryside is one of the most interesting and beautiful in England. It abounds in traditional and historical significances, it is rich in woodland, down and watermeadow. It is Berkshire and Wiltshire, and while Dorset, Devon and other favoured counties are going the way of the 'modern manner', Berkshire and Wiltshire still largely preserve their rusticity. But the author's rather fatal facility in jumping about from one aspect of Jefferies to another causes him to miss many chances and he does not improve the spectacle of lost opportunities by quoting slabs from his hero which have no particular relevance to anything. More than half the chapter on *Bevis*, for instance, is composed of extracts and paraphrases from the book itself, and an uneasy suspicion sometimes crosses the reader's mind that the author is filling his pages rather than writing a book. Mr. Arkell has the

unfortunate habit of button-holing his reader and addressing him in a chatty (query—modern?) manner. No doubt he does so because he realises that there is no demand for another set portrait of Jefferies. But the extreme reaction has not done his book any good.

Past Masters. By Thomas Mann. Secker. 7s. 6d.

It is inevitable, after a sudden and violent change in the direction of the intellectual life of a people, that any work published by an author with an already established reputation should be read in a new way. The reader will focus his attention on one aspect of the book, almost to the exclusion of others: How do this author's ideas and values fit in with the new trend of affairs? Is he for or against? The latest book of Herr Thomas Mann to be translated into English is particularly interesting when read in this way, because it is particularly explicit. It consists of critical essays, all planned or published before the National Socialists came to power in Germany, dealing mainly with the outstanding figures of German culture, Goethe, Wagner, Nietzsche, and others, down to Freud. The style seems often over-elaborated and verbose, even unctuous, and lacks the essential virtues of good criticism—point and clarity. But it is not as criticism that the book is valuable. It is rather as a definition of Herr Mann's own position as an artist and a thinker.

In the course of the essays we find him making an important division between art that stands for night, Nirvana, death; and art that stands for life and the future. Nietzsche, he maintains, is a life-artist and Wagner a death-artist, supremely so in 'Tristan und Isolde'. The author of *The Magic Mountain* and *Death in Venice* confesses, as was to be expected, his deep instinctive sympathy with the art of the night, the fascination that death holds for him. But this book makes it clear that against this instinctive sympathy there was in his mind a rational sympathy for day and life. And it is this side of his mind that leads him to the remarkable declaration in favour of Socialism: 'Life, with all that it holds of present and future, is beyond any doubt on the side of Socialism . . . the Socialist class, in direct opposition to the cultural, is, in economic theory, alien to intellect, but in practice, friendly to it—and that, as matters stand today, is decisive'. This passage in itself would be enough to remind us again that there is another Germany than today's regime. But time and again Herr Mann shows us how deeply he has cared for the cultural welfare of his people, how clearly he realised the dangerous development that threatened. In the essay called 'Freud's Position', discussing the modern tendency to 'press down knowledge below feeling', and the abuses it has lent itself to in the hands of unscrupulous political agitators, he says: 'There we have reaction as revolution; the great retreat dressed out in the uniform of the advance guard, the storming party. Who can fathom such vanity?'

Town Government in the Sixteenth Century

By J. H. Thomas. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

The author of this interesting book is not the well-known politician but a student who passed from a W.E.A. tutorial class to the University of Oxford, and now makes public the result of his researches in the records of a dozen sixteenth-century towns. Mr. Thomas explains, with sufficient but not too much picturesque detail, how towns were governed in his period, and how they arranged and financed the local services for which they were given or assumed responsibility. There are many sidelights on the economic and social conditions which prevailed in this period of feudal decay and capitalistic growth, but the story is in its essentials that of the building up and operation of services for the local citizen-body. Streets and street cleaning, the town market, the supply of water and fuel, the fire-prevention and public health services, the handling of the poor and the unemployed—these are the public functions which are described in Mr. Thomas' pages. There is no other book, odd as it may seem, which tells this story in so clear and brief a way, and it is a story that is definitely worth telling. The urban units whose practice Mr. Thomas describes were small towns, as we reckon towns, and they were not yet completely urbanised. They had their town pastures still, though most of their inhabitants were already wage-earners with specialised industrial or other economic functions. What is clear is that they showed resource as well as public spirit and determination in their public affairs. Their experiments and achievements proved that their citizen-bodies were fit to govern themselves long before national political responsibilities were grudgingly assigned to them. These sixteenth-century towns, too, were quite definitely better places to live in than their successors in the industrial revolution. Some other researcher, or Mr. Thomas himself, might now follow up this book with a further study designed to show why town government lapsed so sadly from the good standards evident in this period. The decay of the standards and the competence of town government would make a revealing story. To tell that story would necessitate some historical re-valuations and help towards a clearer view of the spheres of local and central government, a subject on which clarity is none too common in our own day. Mr. Thomas' short and clear-cut chapters are well worth study.

Science and War

(Continued from page 823)

better instrument of financial control. For to be fully efficient it should have a lump sum voted to it for its work, and then practically complete control over the detailed allocations of this sum. This would allow greater flexibility in changing over from one project or type of research to another, if scientific progress demanded it.

So far then for the first half of my realistic principle—the application of science in the interest of war efficiency. Now I come to its second half—the application of science to make war as unlikely as possible—science applied to disarmament, if you like, as opposed to science applied to armament. This has received comparatively little attention, in spite of its great practical importance.

So far as I know, two main approaches have been made towards it, one technical, the other psychological. The technical approach is best put forward in Major Lefebure's book, *Scientific Disarmament*. He points out that the making of armaments in the large quantities needed for modern war involves a series of steps, a development, to use a biological phrase, which inevitably consumes a certain amount of time, and that this is a good deal longer than most people suppose. This time-lag applies not only to cases in which factories and works are converted from making some peace-time product, but also, though to rather a lesser extent, to the mere expansion of existing works. We may call the one *conversion lag*, the other *expansion lag*. Numerous examples are given of conversion lag, for such various products as shells, poison gas, small arms, and aeroplanes. In general we may say that the lag, even under the urgent stimulus of war needs, varies from a few months to a year-and-a-half, with an average of between six months and a year. This is due to the time consumed in designing new machines and gauges, in training workers in the new processes, and in the rigorous testing which is necessary at every stage in the proceedings.

The suggestion is therefore made that disarmament can be scientifically studied as a technical problem, by accumulating facts about this time-lag for different kinds of armament; and then scientifically controlled by having the manufacture of as many armaments as possible either prohibited or else regulated to small amounts during peacetime, and also by insisting, wherever a peacetime product can be converted to war purposes, that its design shall be such as to make the conversion more difficult—instead of as easy as possible, as is the avowed aim of certain nations at the moment with regard to aeroplanes.

Another point which comes up here is the attitude of scientists themselves to helping in war preparations. At the moment, there is nothing which you could call a professional attitude of science on the question. At one end are those who under no circumstances would help. This is completely logical, provided that they would become conscientious objectors in the event of war. At the other end are those of the 'my country, right or wrong' school, who are again completely logical provided they really do believe that internationalism is always nonsense, and that their horizon should be bounded by that of the nation. But the bulk of scientists, being scientists, cannot help feeling that they have some duties to humanity at large, and being citizens, that they have some duties to their country. For the most part, however, they haven't clarified the resultant conflict. If it were accepted as part of the scientists' general code that research work in connection with general war needs was always legitimate, but that it was illegitimate to do research on agencies prohibited by international agreement, or to help in the large-scale production of armaments in peacetime, the situation would be cleared up a great deal.

By these various means you would ensure that there was a serious time-lag between the declaration of war and the time when war could be carried out on a really large-scale modern basis, with all its resources of cubic miles of gas, millions of shells, thousands of aeroplanes and the rest. And this would give a real opportunity for passions to cool and peaceful methods to find a settlement.

The other, psychological approach is more remote, indeed more utopian; it is none the less interesting. Certain psychologists of the modern school have pointed out that one of the eternal conflicts imposed upon human nature is that between our destructive, angry, violent impulses on the one side, and on the other the demands of family and social life for restraint and ordered living. The conflict begins, inevitably, in the nursery—the yelling baby, the child in a tantrum; but its effects may last throughout life. If the impulses to anger and violence are not properly educated, but merely repressed into an uneasy imprisonment in the sub-conscious mind, they will continue to demand an outlet, and will succeed in finding one by devious channels. The psychologists' contention is that so long as this fund of repressed destructive impulse exists among a large section of the population, it will continue to demand an outlet; and if nationalism makes war the obvious outlet, the danger of war is thereby increased. They further contend that our destructive impulses need not be repressed in this crude way, with such

unfortunate results; and that if children were differently brought up, with less repressive discipline, more outlets for self-expression, our destructive urges would be properly harnessed with the rest of the team of human impulses, and the fund of repressed, and therefore dangerous emotion would be enormously reduced. In other words, scientific anti-war measures should begin in the nursery and the school.

There may be a good deal of speculation mixed up in this argument, but there is undoubtedly some element of truth; equally undoubtedly, there is no research being undertaken on the subject. One would think that if the governments of the world were thinking of disarmament in the same hard-headed but open-handed way as they think about armament, they would have set on foot a very considerable amount of scientific research into the causes of war in general, the risks of war in the modern world, and the measures to be adopted for reducing these risks. But apart from a few enquiries on certain technical aspects of armament production, nothing so far as I am aware has been done, either at Geneva or by separate nations. The result is to make disarmament discussion about as useless as would be a discussion on public health by those ignorant of physiology.

However, this brings me to another point. The psychologists may be right in supposing that the emotional gunpowder, so to speak, for the explosion of war, is generated by conflict and repression; but we mustn't forget that there is a large and increasing school of thought which sees in economic forces the essential causes of war. At the moment, they say, the combination of the profit motive in business with nationalist ideas in politics has imposed on the world an economic nationalism which must, in their view, lead to war if it is not checked or altered. Now this view is by no means inconsistent with the view put forward by the psychologists. The fund of emotional explosive may exist and may be very dangerous; but it couldn't lead to war in the ordinary sense, unless the explosion was canalised, so to speak, along nationalist channels. In a different type of world you could still have certain kinds of war—class wars, police wars against recalcitrant tribes, and so on—but not the national type of war, which motives the setting in the field of the maximum number of combatants armed with weapons of the maximum degree of effectiveness.

So here we are, back, as usual in these talks, in the economic and political sphere. Here, again, science by itself cannot, by its very nature, take us the whole way to a solution. It can gradually change the situation—for instance, as suggested by such students of strategy as Liddell Hart, the development of air warfare may have introduced such new conditions that mass-trench warfare of the type that the last war made familiar would never again come into existence—because the process of mass mobilisation would afford such targets to bombing aircraft that it could never be completed, and an alarming state of chaos would result in the regions behind the war frontier. If so, war may become more professional again, only on a new plane of scientific and technical efficiency, and aimed as much at civilians and at economic objectives as at the enemy's armed forces.

Or indeed, eventually it might well be that scientific devices will make future warfare so intensely horrible as to bring about an overwhelming pressure towards peace and disarmament, but meanwhile it can only operate in the framework of existing conditions. Opinions differ as to whether war will paralyse itself or commit suicide. But meantime if existing conditions—in this case economic nationalism—inevitably head us towards war, what then? The answer, I take it, is to try to apply the scientific spirit to the study of this question too. It is very far from easy, as so many factors are involved, and also so many feelings and so many vested interests; but it is at least possible to attempt a dispassionate survey. And if that survey shows that economic nationalism of sovereign states makes war easier, the remedy would seem to be clear—to take steps to subordinate certain of the sovereign rights of nationalist states to international authority. The most obvious case is in the air. With an international system of civil aviation, and restriction or prohibition of the manufacture of aeroplanes for war, save for the purposes of an international air police, the risk of war, and the possible horrors of war, would be cut in half at one stroke. For this, however, a surrender by national states of certain of their existing rights would be necessary. Other authorities think that internationalisation of civil flying would be too difficult, and would prefer the establishment of a super-national or international police force. This, too, would, of course, demand some surrender of sovereign rights by nations. This indeed is the logic of the case—either keep your sovereign rights and your national patriotism intact and live in a condition of maximum insecurity and risk of war, or increase your security and cut down your war-risk at the cost of some of these sovereign rights.

Thus our conclusion is that science can enter into the problem of disarmament; but that it must wait upon change in political outlook and practice.